

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

VOL. XXXVII

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1913.

8 Pages

No. 26

MR. JOHN LILLIARD PASSES AWAY

At His Country Home at Skillman--Fourth Stroke of Paralysis Proves Fatal--Death Occurs Saturday--Funeral Held Here Sunday.

WAS SEVENTY YEARS OLD

As a result of the fourth stroke of paralysis, Mr. John Lillard passed away at his country home near Skillman at 9:30 p. m. Dec. 28. He suffered the first stroke in November 1906 and had been confined to his room in the main since that time.

He was born in Boyle county near Danville, Ky., February 28, 1842, but had lived at Cloverport since early manhood with the exception of the last four years which were spent on his farm near Skillman. For a number of years he was engaged in the tobacco business in Cloverport, but owing to his affliction he had not been actively engaged in business for the past seven years. His son-in-law, Mr. Frank C. English, has been in charge of the farm the last few years.

In 1882 Mr. Lillard was married to Miss Eliza Murphy and to this union were born one child, Anna Lillard, who about twelve years ago was married to Mr. Frank C. English. He is survived by his wife, and daughter and one grand-child, Lida May English, and one brother, Mr. Silas Lillard, who is past eighty years of age.

About four years ago he made a profession of faith in Christ as his Saviour in his home and was approved as a candidate for baptism by the Cloverport Baptist church, but by reason of his affliction, he was never able to receive the ordinance. Though deprived of the privilege of attending the services of the church of his choice he gave of his means for the support of the work. In the canvass for the full time work in September, his was among the largest subscriptions that were made.

The remains were brought to Cloverport on the ten o'clock train Sunday morning and were taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. English where the funeral service was held at two o'clock by Bro. E. O. Cottrell, the pastor of the Baptist church, the interment was made in the Cloverport cemetery. On account of illness his wife and brother were not able to leave their home and could not be at the funeral service.

He had reached the ripe age of seventy years and ten months and in his death one of our most prominent citizens has been removed from our midst.

The loved ones have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

The pall-bearers were: W. G. Smart, Ed. Whitehead, C. W. Moorman, J. M. Gregory, S. P. Conrad, B. Squires.

SHOP NOTES.

New combination baggage and passenger cars for 145 and 146 are being built at the shops here.

The new water system being installed at the shops is being rapidly completed.

Mr. Ira Behen went to Memphis, on business for the company this week.

Three engines arrived Saturday from Baldwin Locomotive Works for the L. & H. & St. L. R. R. Their numbers are 34, 35 and 36. This completes the order for the half dozen new engines. They are the latest make of locomotives.

Subscription With a Treat.

Mr. Richard Skillman, of West Point, who is visiting his son, Mr. Wallace Skillman and Mrs. Skillman, renewed his subscription to the Breckenridge News Monday. He always brings a treat along with a renewal, and those at the office enjoyed the oranges Monday.

Announcement.

Approaching marriage of Miss to Mr. Francis Hayden, will take place in the holic church next will officiate.

The Farm

Hardin Thanks.

The friends and relatives rendered assistance illness and death of Floyd St. E. Miller.

McGlothlan-Johnson.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Brashner McGlothlan and Mr. John Fitchnor Johnson took place at the home of Miss Essie Biggs, of Louisville, Monday afternoon, December 23d. The Rev. Mr. Jones officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have returned to Irvington where they will make their home. They are prominent and popular young people of Breckenridge county whose marriage was the source of much interest.

An Efficient Woman.

Mrs. Thos. Donahue, of near Hardinsburg, is one of the most capable women in the county. She does all her own house-work and looks after the needs and wants of her five children, husband and father. Besides in 1912 she sold \$171 worth of chickens from her lot and has recently paid \$10 for two cockerels. Mrs. Donahue is an excellent manager and is gifted with a disposition that makes her life a joy to her home.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank my friends at Stephensport for the kindness shown at the funeral of my father, William Pettit, and most especially do I thank those for the kind hospitality extended to my sisters, brothers and remains of dear father. Yours in sorrow,

Mrs. Pike Conn,
503 Euclid Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Beautiful Home Sold.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Foster L. Heyser has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Mitchell. The owners will take possession the middle of January. The Heyser home is one of the best kept and prettiest places in town. While the new citizens are being welcomed, it brings regret to many to see the Heyseers leave Cloverport.

Marriage This Afternoon.

The marriage of Miss Lucy Florence McGavock to Mr. Zack T. Hardin will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of her brother, Mr. Leon McGavock in this city. The Rev. Mr. Jarboe will officiate. The ceremony will be held in the presence of relatives, after which Mr. Hardin and his bride will leave for their home at Holt.

AGED CITIZEN

Dies at His Home in Stephensport--Friends Pay Last Tribute to Mr. Aaron Miller--Buried By Masons.

Stephensport, Dec. 30. (Special.)—The Death Angel has again visited our town and took Mr. Aaron Miller. His death was due to heart failure. He had been in failing health for the past year. Nothing was left undone that medical aid could suggest and no attention omitted.

The end came quietly and peacefully at the hour of midnight Sunday, December 29. Mr. Miller was 78 years old. He is survived by one son, Floyd Miller, Henderson, Ky., and one brother, E. H. Miller, of this place, and Mrs. Eliza Earl, of Rome, Ind.

There was short services at the home, after which the Masons took charge of the remains and was interred in the Hill cemetery by the side of his wife. Our town has lost an honorable and upright citizen.

Buys Skillman's Residence.

Mr. and Mrs. David Phelps have bought the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Skillman on High street. It is a very attractive place and a convenient home.

Received Nice Present.

Mrs. J. E. Bandy received from her son, Stephen T. Bandy, a set of sterling silver knives and forks, valued at \$45. Mr. Bandy always remembers his mother on her birthday and Christmas. He writes he will visit his home at Stephensport in the spring. Mr. Bandy has served eleven years in the United States army and in all that time he has never neglected his mother. He is stationed now at San Francisco.

Buy Corner Property.

Clark brothers have bought the corner place on Second street, belonging to Mrs. Henry Pate. This is one of the oldest and most conveniently located buildings on the West Side.

IT CAN BE DONE!

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

—From Kellogg's Square Dealer.

SOCIETY EVENTS OF THE HOLIDAYS

Weddings, Pink Teas and Dinner Parties

The Eastern Star Chapter of this city gave an elaborate Christmas banquet at the Masonic Temple Thursday night.

Dr. McDonald has returned from Glen Dean where he was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Moorman. Messrs. Walter and Robert Moorman are his guests at The Castle.

Miss Judith Ellen Beard, a popular young girl home from State University, gave a dinner dance in Hardinsburg last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Loyd and son, Fay, of Columbus, Ohio, were special guests of three turkey dinners given by Mrs. Joe Sawyer, Mrs. T. F. Sawyer and Mrs. J. H. Willis.

Mr. Franklin Beard was host at a stag dinner given at his home in Hardinsburg Monday evening. The honor guests were his visitors, Mr. Robert Curtis and Mr. Irwin Taylor. The table decorations were in pink and white, the center-piece was formed of pink carnations. A seven course dinner was served. The guests included the leading young society men of the county and twelve covers were placed for the following: Messrs. Franklin Beard, Robert Curtis, Irwin Taylor, Howard Hook, Horbort and Nathaniel Shellman, Morris Kincheloe, Ely Duvall, Earl Thomas, C. L. Beard, Jr., Samuel Evans, Francis Dillon.

Mrs. Hoffious Behen's Christmas tea for Miss Jennie Mabel Harris, of Louisville, took place in her attractive home Thursday afternoon. After the guests were received a delicious luncheon was served in the dining room. The table was lighted with red candles, the silver candelabra forming the center piece. At each plate were joyous greetings for the New Year in red and white. A salad course with hot coffee, followed by Christmas cake and candies, was served. The guests were: Mrs. Benton Eubanks, Mrs. Crenshaw, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Harry Newsum, Mrs. Jas. Younger, Mrs. Ira Behen, Misses Eva and Edith Plank, Miss Ray Lewis Heyser, Misses Willis, Miss Severs, Miss Harris and Miss Louise Babbage.

Dr. Hilliary Boone, of Louisville, Messrs. Walter Moorman and Robert Moorman, of Glen Dean, and Mr. Ed. Dickey, of Elizabethtown, arrived last evening to be guests at the Girls' Club dinner.

The Girls' Club had a delightful meeting at the home of Miss Lula Severs Friday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Bowmer entertained the

Sunday School class of Mrs. V. G. Babbage Friday afternoon in compliment to the teacher. The guests had a lovely afternoon together and refreshments were served in two courses. Just as they were making their departure, Mrs. F. M. Smith presented Mrs. Babbage with a box of ten beautiful handkerchiefs from the members in appreciation of her faithfulness and splendid teaching. Mrs. Babbage, in her response, said that the height of her ambition was to have an organized class of twenty-five pupils, and if she were capable of combining the intellectual and the spiritual, and presenting it in such an attractive way as had Mrs. Bowmer the material, she would very soon realize her ambition. The guests were: Mrs. C. W. Moorman, Mrs. T. W. Geer, Mrs. John D. Babbage, Mrs. Helen Adams, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jas. Tague, Mrs. Conrad Sippel, Mrs. A. H. Oelze, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Crenshaw, Mrs. A. R. Fisher, Mrs. Hoffious Behen. Nine of these are members of the class. Mrs. Robards being absent.

Miss Eloise Nolte was hostess at her beautiful home Saturday afternoon to a number of her girl friends.

Miss Mildred Ditto Babbage entertained at her home Monday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Young Skillman, of Morganfield. The event was the only party given for the younger set during the holidays and the guests enjoyed it thoroughly. Those invited were: Miss Martha Miller, Misses Leonard and Virginia McGavock, Misses Susette and Frances Sawyer, Misses Rebecca and Martha Willis, Misses Eloise Nolte, Jeannette Burn, Kathrine Moorman, Claudia Pate and Miss Steele, of Owensboro; Messrs. Randall Weatherholt, Dwight Randall, Allen Pierce, Tom Ferry, Ruth Pate, Frank Weatherholt, Frank Moorman, Randall Ross, Stuart, Virgil and Eldred Babbage, John Jarboe, John Crenshaw, Andrew Ashby, Vivian and Fred Pierce, Mr. James Cunningham, of Louisville, and Mr. Sterrett Jarboe, of Stanton, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson gave a turkey dinner Christmas day served in excellent style at their home in this city. Plates were laid for the following: Mr. and Mrs. James Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Odewalt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hamman and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Gibson, Mr. Marion Denton, Mr. Edison Gibson and Miss Mary Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stone gave a dinner Monday at the home of Mrs. Courtney Babbage complimentary to their father, Mr. Stone, of Bloomfield, and his grand daughter, Miss Louise Henkle. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Wave Roff and son, Marion Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pate.

Sad Death.

News has been received here of the death of Mr. John Coniff, of Louisville, which occurred Friday. He suffered the loss of one leg recently and his host of friends were greatly interested in his recovery. His death was caused by pneumonia.

Mr. Coniff was a conductor on the L., H. & St. L., and was a brother of Mr. Harry Coniff. He was a most dependable young man in both business and social way. Everybody liked him and deep sympathy goes out to his family.

MRS. WADE DEAD

Funeral Held in Hardinsburg Yesterday--Leaves a Son and Two Sisters--Well Known Woman in This County.

Mrs. Emma Wade died in Louisville Saturday. The body was brought to Hardinsburg yesterday for burial in the Catholic cemetery. Mrs. Wade was born in Hardinsburg, and was seventy years old. She was married to Mr. Con Wade in 1848. They were separated after which he soon died. One son, Mr. Frank Wade, and two sisters, Mrs. Lizzie McGary, of Hardinsburg, and Mrs. Bell Warner, of St. Louis, survive.

IRVINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Henry Brown, of Guston, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kirtley.

Miss Katie Chitwood and grandmother, Mrs. Agnes Cash, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Parks, Hardinsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Malin, of Owensboro, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Herndon last week.

Misses Iva Rice and Mildred Chitwood spent the week end in Guston as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Brown.

Master Lewis Bennett Moremen returned Friday from a visit to his uncle, Albert Moremen, of Brandenburg.

Miss Mary Brown, of Lewisport, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Wilson.

James Drury, who was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Drury, for the past week, has returned to Brandenburg for a visit to his uncle, Albert Moremen, before returning to his school duties in Louisville.

Dr. Henry Nevitt, of Louisville, is the guest of his family for the Christmas vacation.

Miss Mary Etta Cain, of Louisville, is spending this week as the guest of Miss Mary Alexander.

Chas. H. Drury has returned from a recent trip to Springfield where he attended a sale of fine Duroc Jersey hogs, at which sale he purchased a fine thoroughbred. Some of these hogs at this sale brought \$2,000.

Mrs. Jack Sipes and Mrs. Lee Stith spent the week end in Garfield as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dowell.

Miss Helen Board has returned from Hardinsburg, where she visited her aunt, Mrs. C. L. Beard.

Mr. and Mrs. Worland Carter and family were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thompson, of Guston.

Miss Nell Kathleen Smith, Miss Guedry Bramlette, Miss Elizabeth Crider, Miss Mary Alexander and James Owen Cunningham were guests of Misses Emma Lou and Johnnie Moorman for a week end house party which they entertained at their hospitable home in Glen Dean.

James Owen Cunningham, of State University; and Crafton Cunningham, a pupil in the Louisville Training School at Beechmont, are guests of their sister, Mrs. Louis H. Jolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ater, of Stephensport, were recent guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Flake Ater.

Miss L. B. McGlothlan, who has been the guest of her brother, T. N. McGlothlan; for ten days, returned to Owensboro Monday.

Mrs. W. D. Cornwall sustained a painful fall Sunday morning while taking a short walk. She was considerably bruised but no bones were broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kirtley are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a charming little daughter at their home.

The Housekeepers League met this week with Mrs. Charles Chamberlain.

The School Improvement League will hold a reception Friday evening, Jan. 3. This is planned to be a most delightful occasion.

RETIRED JURIST DIES AT 84 YEARS

M. D. Board, of Breckenridge County, Passes Away at the Home of His Son, Dr. Milton Board.

WAS ILL ONLY THREE WEEKS.

Judge Milton D. Board, a prominent retired jurist of Breckenridge county, died at 7 o'clock last night at the home of his son, Dr. Milton Board, 1423 South Sixth street. Death was due to uremia, from which he had suffered three weeks.

Judge Board was 84 years old and had been a resident of Breckenridge county all of his life. From 1851 to 1904 he served as a public official of the county and also practiced law. He was one of the prosecutors in the famous Pulliam-Miller murder case twenty years ago.

Educated in the public schools of Breckenridge county, Judge Board studied law at home, and when he became of age he was considered one of the ablest members of his profession in his county. Judge Board was a schoolmate of the late Proctor Knott. Both boys were pupils of Proctor Knott's father.

Judge Board was the son of Robert Board, one of the pioneers of Kentucky. His grandfather Board, was one of the members of the Constitutional Convention. Judge Board married Miss Sue Moorman and had looked forward to celebrating his fiftieth wedding anniversary next fall.

Besides his wife, five sons and a daughter survive him. They are: M. L. Board, of Waco, Texas; R. V. Board, of Rosenberg, Texas; W. E. Board, of Breckenridge county; Jeff Board, of Owensboro; Dr. Milton Board, of Louisville; Mrs. Clarence Hodge, of Marshall, Mo.

The body will be taken to Hardinsburg; this afternoon, and burial will be in the cemetery at that place tomorrow. —Louisville Herald, Dec. 30.

PETE SHEERAN

Badly Cut In The Face By Bob Probus While Trying To Protect A Young Boy--Life Was In Danger.

Pete Sheeran, Kirk, was badly cut in the face Christmas day by Bob Probus with a knife. Probus came into Sheeran's store, got into a scuffle with a small boy, Jarboe. He had him by both hands and was inflicting him with severe pain when Mr. Sheeran interfered and told him to let loose of the boy. Probus then turned on him with a knife, cutting him in the face from his ear to his mouth. Had the knife entered just an inch below where it did it would have severed his jugular vein and would have killed him. Sheeran knocked him down twice with his fist breaking the bone of his middle finger. Parties interfered and got the knife away from Probus and saved Mr. Sheeran's life. Eight stitches were taken in Sheeran's face. It is thought Probus was under the influence of liquor. He took to the woods and has not been arrested.

Precious Little Girl Gone.

Ruth Whitworth, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Whitworth, of Hardinsburg, died the day after Christmas at 4:45 p. m. The funeral was held Friday, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Dyer. Her bright little life was a joy to her home and will be a sweet memory to those who loved her dearly.

Agad Woman Falls.

Mrs. Lou Conner, of Moweaqua, Ill., fell and broke six ribs. She is formerly of Tobinsport and the news was received by Miss Drew Gregory.

Attended K. P. A. Meet.

Mr. Meador, editor of the Fourth District Leader, and Miss Mallie Moorman, of Glen Dean, were guests at the mid-winter meeting of the Kentucky Press Association.

Little Baby Dead.

The two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Mattingly died yesterday afternoon. Her name was Anna Kramer and she was a lovely baby girl.

PAID A FORTUNE TO HIS LAWYERS

Morgan's Legal Talent Before
Pujo Committee Cost Finan-
cier \$62,500. Choate
Charged \$20,000.

OTHERS WERE WELL PAID

Evening Post Special Service.
Washington, Dec. 27.—J. Pierpont Morgan, who came to Washington to testify before the Pujo money trust investigating committee, backed by nine lawyers, paid \$62,500 for their services. In fact, his retinue of counsel were some of the highest paid lawyers in the United States and they had little to do before the committee. But it became known today that they had consulted with the financier's testimony for two weeks prior to his appearance.

The amounts paid the Morgan counsel, as estimated today by a well-known lawyer of the Wall-street district and by a financier friendly to Morgan & Co., were as follows:

Joseph H. Choate, former am- bassador to England.....	\$20,000
Francis Lynde Stetson.....	10,000
John C. Spooner, former Senat- or from Wisconsin.....	10,000
Wm. F. Sheehan.....	5,000
Delancy Nicolls.....	5,000
Richard V. Lindabury.....	5,000
C. A. Severance.....	3,500
And \$4,000 between George E. Case and G. H. Backus.	

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

ADDED TO THE GOOD TIME

Bear Story, Though Short, Was a
Thing of Consequence to Those
Silent Mountaineers.

There were six stalwart pioneers who settled in Upshur county, West Virginia, long before the war, when there wasn't a stick amiss and hunting was good. They were brothers and their name was Phillips.

Each fall after hog-killing time they held a family reunion, at which a feast fit for the gods was partaken in silence, except for the blessing, which was always asked by the eldest brother. They did not believe in much talk or levity. When they spoke it was usually in monosyllables. After dinner they would sit around the big log fireplace, tilted back in split bottom chairs, and smoke their corn cob pipes in silence until it was time to go home and do the chores.

At one of the reunions something of unusual interest occurred—one of the boys told a bear story. While sitting around the fire smoking one of the brothers pushed up his sleeve, exposing a badly lacerated arm. The five gazed at it in respectful silence for a few moments. Their experience in the mountains told them that their brother had a hand to hand fight with a bear. One of them opened the ensuing dialogue with:

"Um-mph—bar?"
"Yea-ah."
"What?"

"Over thar," jerking his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of Beech mountain.

After this bear story of five words they smoked in silence until it was time to go home. For months after that reunion they would remark to visiting neighbors that they had "a powerful fine time at Eben's reunion."

It was remarkable, because they had had a bear story in addition to the blessing, which was a powerful lot of talk for these silent men.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be ward off. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

MONUMENT RUINED BY BOYS

Memorial to Forefathers at Plymouth
May Have to Be Partly
Rebuilt.

Plymouth, Mass.—Youthful vandals have so damaged the national memorial to the forefathers on Monument hill that it is feared a large part of the structure will have to be razed before the necessary repairs can be made. The monument was struck by lightning on August 23 last. Several large stones at the waist of the heroic figure of Falth, the central one of the group, were displaced. Shortly before the repair work was completed it was discovered that some one had damaged the memorial. A watch was set and four boys between twelve and fourteen years of age were caught.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the effected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

WITH THE GREEKS IN THE TURKISH WAR



THOUGH the work of the Bulgarian armies has been more spectacular in the war with Turkey, the Greeks have been doing their part very effectively. Our illustration is from a photograph of a Turkish frontier station destroyed by Greek troops.

MARY GARDEN TO WED SOON

"I Soon Will Be Known as Mrs. Somebody," She Declares—May
Choose Chicago Husband.

Paris.—Mary Garden—fondly called by Chicagoans "our Mary Garden"—will soon desert grand opera for a husband. There is consolation for the Chicagoan, however. Although the prima donna flirted with Frenchmen, kept London stage "johnnies" on the hop and excited the phlegmatic Germans on her tours of Europe, she is going to America to choose a husband, she says.

Perhaps she will even select Chicago from which to marry the man who will lend her his name. "For never," she declares, "do I propose that any man be called 'Mr. Mary Garden.' And the western people are more appreciative of me. I never have read the beastly stuff written by New York dramatic critics."

Figuratively, princes have clung to Mary Garden's skirts. Scions of royalty have worshiped her. Despite this she says:

"Soon you will hear no more of Mary Garden. It will be Mrs. Somebody. In November I shall go to Boston to sing 'La Tosca.' After that I shall join Mr. Dippel in the Chicago-Philadelphia company."

"And I do not intend to become 'an old woman of the opera.' I haven't seen the man, but he will turn up."

Somewhat irreverently she continued: "The future of great singers of America somehow will come from the west."

Referring to the graft charges against the New York police, Miss Garden exclaimed:

"And to think those men, who were so pure and good, and were so shocked by my Salome, should be in such a fix! But, anyhow, I always considered it a good joke to set policemen up to pass on the morality of art."

Mrs. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with a sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken ten bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially indicated. Try them, get well and stay well. Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

BABY TO BE PERFECT WOMAN

To Be Only One in World When She
Grows Up, Declares Her Father,
Athletic Director.

Minneapolis, Minn.—To become the world's most perfect woman, physically, is the future mapped out for Margaret Terry Hudson Grant, two years two months old, by her father, Richard Grant, director of track athletics of the University of Minnesota, and ever since she was three weeks old, the baby has been training for the place she is some day to fill.

Systematic exercise, under the careful supervision of her father, who himself was formerly a track star at Yale, and who has "made" many Minnesota athletes, is as much a part of little Margaret's daily life as the food she eats. Mr. Grant explained the other day while the baby went through her regular course.

She weighs 28 pounds, without an ounce of fat on her little body.

She can walk up three flights of stairs and back without stopping.

The little girl, though beginning to talk, delights in her daily physical exercise. The more common of these includes:

A wand drill to strengthen and develop her chest muscles.

"She is going to be perfect physically when she grows up," confidently asserted Mr. Grant, "and probably that's something that can be said of no woman in the world at this time."

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

CLOVERPORT PROOF

Should Convince Every Clover-
port Reader.

The frank statement of a neighbor, telling the merits of a remedy, bids you pause and believe. The same endorsement by some stranger far away commands no belief at all. Here's a Cloverport case. A Cloverport citizen testifies. Read and be convinced.

Price Graham, carpenter, Cloverport, Ky., says: "Some years ago I publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills and now I am glad to say that I have not been bothered for the past year or two by kidney trouble. Sometimes I have a little difficulty with the kidney secretions, the passages being scanty, but Doan's Kidney Pills, which I get at Fisher's Drug Store, quickly cure me. You are at liberty to publish my endorsement of this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advertisement.

EX-GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER FOUND DEAD IN NEW RIVER

Child of L. F. C. Garvin of Providence,
R. I., Who Disappeared Wednes-
day, Supposed Suicide.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 23.—The body of Miss Norma Garvin, daughter of former Governor L. F. C. Garvin, was found in the New river.

Her relatives hold that a psychological mystery connects Miss Garvin's death with her strange disappearance from her home at Lonsdale Wednesday night.

She complained of pains in her head and told her friends she believed water was the only thing to cure her ills. At this time the water had been shut off in the house owing to trouble with the plumbing. They laughed at her, and at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening she left for Providence to attend an equal suffrage lecture by Mrs. Maude Howe Elliot of Boston, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, who was to spend the night at the Garvin home. Mrs. Elliot returned there without Miss Garvin, and said that the missing girl has not attended the lecture.

A note was found on Miss Garvin's dresser which read:

"I cannot get the water off my mind."

Members of her family say that she had taken evening walks by the river many times during the last month, and they believe her neurotic turn of mind, influenced by the conventional lack of water in the house and the worry it caused her as her father's housekeeper, led her to the river and her death. The body was found by dragging the deep water in the vicinity of the Garvin home.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Cullom's Granddaughter Weds.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Miss Eleanor Cullom Ridgely, granddaughter of Senator Cullom of Illinois, was married to Dr. Henry Pickering Parker. The marriage took place at noon at the Cullom residence and was attended by President Taft and many other notables. It also was the eighty-third birthday of the venerable Illinois senator, and he celebrated the two events jointly.

NEW IDEA SEIZES ENGLAND

League to Prevent Domestic Breezes
From Developing Into Gales Is
Latest Fad Taken Up.

A National League for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness is the latest proposal for England. It has for its promoters a few clergymen who have been impressed by the extraordinary number of couples in their parishes who have obtained separation orders from the magistrates because of domestic strife.

The idea of the clerics is that magistrates are too accommodating to applicants chafing under the matrimonial harness and if efforts were made to subdue domestic breezes they would mostly be prevented from developing into gales. So this league is to organize ministers of all denominations and kind Christians of both sexes to act as peacemakers.

They will take their respective parishes under survey and in cases of household strife where the husband is at fault the member of the league most likely to influence him will be selected to intervene and subsequently keep an eye on the culprit. If the wife is the offender then some sympathetic woman will plead with her.

Most enthusiastic workers among the poor, especially in the north, call these separation orders the "working class, equivalent to divorce," the latter being too expensive for them to obtain.

The consequence is they have no real freedom, and looseness of morals is the result. In industrial centers, where both husband and wife are wage earners, this is especially the case. Lancashire alone has 25,000 people separated by law, but not free to remarry.

The day of harsh physics is gone. People want mild, easy laxatives. Doan's Regulents have satisfied thousands. 25c at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

BETTAN FILES COMPLAINT.

Columbus, O.—City Solicitor Alfred Bettman, of Cincinnati, filed a formal complaint against the Union Gas and Electric Co. before the Ohio public service commission. He alleges discrimination against the auxiliary consumers and says they are compelled to pay a higher rate than the regular consumers. He asks that the alleged unreasonable practice be discontinued at once. Mr. Bettman also asks for a prompt hearing of the case.

Eczema spreads rapidly; itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50c at all stores.—Advertisement.

HELD IN VOTE FRAUD PROBE

Professor L. D. Hall of Champaign,
Ill., Charged With Swearing Falsely
as to Students' Eligibility.

Champaign, Ill., Nov. 23.—Prof. Louis D. Hall of Champaign, assistant in animal husbandry at the University of Illinois, was arrested charged with perjury. Prof. Hall was indicted by the grand jury. It is charged that he swore falsely as to the eligibility of certain students to vote at the local option election in Champaign. Professor Hall gave bond for \$1,000, with Prof. H. J. Barton as security.

The indicted professor, who was a leader in the battle against saloons in Champaign at the last local option election, made affidavits that a number of university students were legal voters.

Since the election County Judge Spurgin has ruled that many students had no right to vote.

For croup or sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Two sizes, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.—Advertisement.

It's Your DUTY to Save!

It's EVERY man's duty to himself and those dependent upon him to have some money in the bank with which to combat reverses which might confront him. And it's easy to start a bank account with this strong, reliable institution. Start, say, with Five Dollars; and after a month or two of regularly putting aside a stated amount, you'll begin to think of how MUCH instead of how LITTLE, you can save each pay day. Make yourself a New Year's present by starting an account TODAY. Your money will earn a liberal interest.

FIRST STATE BANK, :: Irvington, Ky.
J. C. PAYNE, Cashier

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

We're told, but a good portrait of the absent one will keep the recollection more vivid—and comfort many a lonely hour of separation. We make a specialty of portraiture and my studio is exceptionally equipped for fine portrait work.

Brabandt, Photographer

Will be at Hardinsburg Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week

"T. TEMBAROM"

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

An Absorbing New Novel of America and England

Begins Serially in the

JANUARY CENTURY

T. Tembarom, the Harlem Society Reporter of the New York "Sunday Earth" . . . he had pulled himself up by sheer pluck from a homeless newsboy . . . who learns suddenly he is heir to an English estate that yields \$350,000 a year . . . a pretty girl who is also sensible . . . a grouchy old duke who was never anything but dual until the ex-newsboy taught him the American way of laughing . . . a romance that is not quite so inevitable as it seems . . . and there you have hints of some of the good things in

Mrs. Burnett's New Anglo-American Novel.

J. C. PAYNE INSURANCE AGENCY

IRVINGTON, KENTUCKY

Represents the Leading Companies in the Country

FIRE, LIGHTNING, TORNADO AND CYCLONE

Insures Baggage and Personal Effects of Travelers. Household Goods and Merchandise in transit. Your business solicited.

HARDED.

Farmers are busy stripping tobacco.

John Weatherford and wife and W. G. Payne and wife, spent Saturday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Knott.

Geo. Eskridge, of near Hardinsburg, was in our town Saturday.

Misses Nannie and Myrtle Beachamp went to Bells Friday to visit their aunt, Mrs. James Kennison.

Bob Crews, of St. Louis, arrived Thursday to be the guest of his father, W. M. Crews.

Mrs. Kelly Watts and children returned Saturday from Owensboro where they have been for the last two weeks.

Noah Weatherford, of Louisville, came down Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Misses Lelan Butler, May Pile and Nannie Beauchamp spent Saturday in the country as the guests of Misses Gertrude and Jessie Alexander.

Misses Isabel Moorman and Mary Gregory were in Hardinsburg Saturday.

Mrs. Dick Pate, of near here, will give a box supper Saturday night for the benefit of the Missionary Society. All ladies are invited to bring their boxes filled with good things to eat.

Bro. C. L. Bruington was at Garfield Sunday.

Mrs. V. G. Goodman, who has been on the sick list for some time, is no better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Basham have moved from here to Litchfield, where they will make it their future home.

Albert Tucker and wife returned from Owensboro where they have been with her parents, J. A. Gray and family.

Sunday School is progressing nicely here at this place, with Mr. Davis as

superintendent. Let everybody come.

We are glad to see Miss Ruth Snyder out again, after being on the sick list for the past month.

Robt. Weatherford has purchased for his daughter, Bessie, a beautiful piano for Xmas.

Clint and Owen Tucker spent a few days in Owensboro last week.

Milt Davis and wife and Miss Ned Cashman were in Hardinsburg Saturday.

A. and Robert Weatherford attended the funeral of Jesse Whitworth's child who was buried in Hardinsburg Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Knott, Misses Alm Pile, Lelan Butler and Nannie Beauchamp spent Sunday in the beautiful country home with Mrs. Adelia Baker. A bountiful dinner was spread, consisting of all good things to eat, candy nuts, fried chicken, etc. Mrs. Baker and two charming daughters certainly know how to entertain and make folks feel at home.

Success to the News and all its readers; also the editor, is our wish for a happy New Year.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removing gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in men and women. Regular use in children. If a druggist will be sent a receipt of \$1. One month's treatment will perfect a cure. Dr. Olive Street, St. Louis. Kentucky testimonials gists.—Advertisement.

Subscribe R

*Col. E. Polk Johnson Writes to
Cloverport About Her Readiness
for Another Big Fire*

To the Editor of The Breckenridge News:—During my recent visit to Cloverport, I heard much of the disastrous fire of some twelve or thirteen years ago which destroyed so many houses and business houses, and was surprised to learn that you have now, no better protection against fire than you had then. It occurred to me that in three villages of Jefferson county, each smaller than Cloverport, there is a fire system that has proven its value several times since its installment at Anchorage, Middletown and Jefferson-town. On Thanksgiving Day the engine at Middletown was called out and readily extinguished a fire in the roof of a residence one mile from the town. A correspondent writing from there says: "This is twice we have had fires in the past week. Our fire department and engine are doing grand work. Both fires would have been uncontrollable but for the department." At each of the towns named, the engines are manned by volunteers who have been trained in their use and who respond promptly to all alarms either day or night. Jeffersontown has two American La France Chemical engines with forty gallon tanks for the chemicals used. These cost \$750 for the two, a price perhaps a little under the usual figures as the agent from whom they were bought is a resident of Jeffersontown. The same engines are in use at the other towns named and have given satisfaction. The American La France Fire Engine Co. at Elmira, New York, manufactures these engines and if Cloverport desires special information as to their capacity, cost, etc., I have no doubt that the Company would be glad to furnish it on application. In view of past experience and the present unprotected condition of the town against fire, it should not be difficult to raise a subscription, a sum necessary to purchase two or more of these engines. Once they are secured, the only future expense would be for proper housing and the purchase of chemical supplies, as the force of operatives would be volunteers from among your citizens. I have no interest whatever in these engines and am writing this solely for the reason that I found Cloverport ready for another fire and with no means of putting it out. Knowing the good work done by these small engines in our country towns, I made inquiry and secured the information herein contained and through your columns, offer it for the consideration of your public spirited citizens. Of course, if you secure adequate fire protection the rates of fire insurance will naturally be reduced, a consideration to be had in mind in connection with raising a fund for the purchase of the engines I have named or others, if found better adapted to your use. Very respectfully,
E. Polk Johnson.

**High School Pupils
Are Given Another Chance.**

Again the prize of one dollar offered by me to the pupil in the Cloverport Graded School writing the best advertisement of my business, goes to Miss Rosa V. Sippel. The ad which appears in this issue is neat and to the point, and in addition to winning the prize, reflects much credit on the writer. I was somewhat disappointed in not receiving more answers, and wish to assure the pupils this is no scheme,

**How to
JUDGE A
BANK**

IF A MAN HAS HIS ACCOUNT with a bank that does not accord him a satisfactory treatment he summarily transfers the account where he will receive the consideration he deserves. Thus, the merits of a bank may be readily judged by the length of time it holds its accounts. Transactions with the FARMERS BANK, are invariably satisfactory, and accounts with this safe, strong institution are seldom closed.

We want new business, but NEVER lose sight of the old.

**The Farmers Bank,
Hardinsburg, Ky.**

and the prizes are offered as an inducement to find out your talents, if any, along these lines. I am going to offer the prize again next week, giving you until Saturday, January 11th, and I hope to receive a large number of replies by that time. Make an effort! You don't know what you can do until you try, and most assuredly you'll never do anything unless you start.

Yours for success,
Marion Weatherholt.
December 30, 1912.

BIG SPRING.

Daniel Davis, of Custer, called on Miss Maud Scott Sunday evening.

Sherrel and Chas. Harpool, of Vine Grove, spent Christmas with their parents.

Alex Yates closed school for Christmas week. He will begin again the 30th.

J. W. Moorman spent several days last week in Louisville with his brother, Raymond Moorman.

Miss Pearl Collins will return to Lyndland College the 6th, after having spent two weeks with her parents.

Mrs. C. B. Witt has returned from Louisville after a visit to her father.

Miss Pearl Collins and brother, Bryan, went to Garrett to spend Christmas day with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tindal.

Peyton Thornhill and family have moved near Meadville.

Rev. and Mrs. Penick and children spent several days last week with their parents at Custer. They returned home in time to hang up their stockings.

Miss Agnes Hynes will return to Logan College, Russellville, January 2.

The merchants all had a smile on their faces; their trade being unusually good for the holidays.

Mrs. Strother and daughter left Thursday for Owensboro.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to the people of Hites Run for the loyal hospitality shown me during the past school term.

Affectionately yours,
Logan Hickerson.

McQUADY

Mrs. Sallie Bland and daughter, Lela, of Fordsville, are visiting relatives. Miss Phoebe Frank entertained the younger set Tuesday evening.

Willie Bates is here from Arkansas to spend the holidays with relatives.

Miss Ressie Shrewsbury returned Saturday from Cloverport, she was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. John Newton and baby.

Leonard Weese, of near Owensboro, is the guest of his parents at Balltown.

Mrs. N. E. Ball is very ill at this writing.

The doll given away at Mr. Davis' was won by Miss Mary Ball.

Maynard Keenan, of Mattingly, is the guest of his cousins, Owen and Harry Bates.

Joy Beatty is spending the holidays in Hancock county the guest of Miss Gona Lyons.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Craycroft, of Vine Grove, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Crews.

The Christmas tree here Wednesday night was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Sarah Elmore is critically ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Shrewsbury entertained the young folks Thursday night with a pound supper.

Miss Myra Bruner and Master Carl Bruner, of near Garfield, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Ruby Davis of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jolly and children spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milt Tate, of Kirk.

James DeJarnette and family, of Holt, are the guests of relatives here.

A happy New Year to the News and its staff, is the sincere wish of the writer.

Breckenridge Applies.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 28.—Desha Breckenridge, editor of the Lexington Herald, is an applicant for the internal revenue collectorship, to succeed Timothy Field, an Ashland merchant, who came here to fill the office as the successor to Samuel J. Roberts, editor of the Lexington Leader, shortly after the beginning of President Taft's term.

Former Congressman W. P. Kimball and Ben Marshall, of Frankfort, are other applicants for the collectorship.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

BEWLEYVILLE NEWS

**A Round of Holiday Visitors in
the Popular Old Neighborhood
---Church Entertainments---
New Officers of Laura Stith
Chapter.**

George Jolly, of McFall, Mo., who has been a missionary in Honolulu for the past four years, visited his great aunt, Mrs. Amanda Jolly, recently.

Miss May James, of Elizabethtown, came to attend the reception at Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carman's the 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace McCoy, of Union Star, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Stith.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stith; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stith, of Louisville; Mr. and Mrs. McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. Zach Stith were guests of Mrs. Richard Carman Saturday.

The entertainment given by the children of both Sunday Schools at the M. E. church last Sunday, was very much enjoyed by all present. Laura Mell Stith sang a solo, "Little Star," accompanied on the violins by Carl Compton and Charles McCoy.

Wathen Drury and Edgar Hardaway are enjoying the fine climate of California. We are afraid they won't come back to old Kentucky to stay.

The ladies of Laura Stith Chapter gave the Masons an elegant dinner at their hall Friday. About fifty, including the Stars, partook of the good things.

Pierce Hardaway furnished the big turkey for the Masons dinner.

Bewleyville lodge met Friday, the 27th, to elect officers for the coming year. D. C. Heron, W. M.; Z. T. Stith, S. W.; Owen Kasey, J. W.; C. Blanford, Sec.; Tom Payne, Treas.; Gilbert Kasey, S. D.; Wade Drury, J. D.; Amos Sipes, Tyler.

Mrs. Robert McGlothlan, Miss B. Ada Drury and Mr. and Mrs. James S. Younger, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Drury Friday.

The members of Laura Stith Chapter, O. E. S., gave a public installation of officers Friday at Masonic Hall: Mrs. Ina Claycomb, W. M.; Chas. McCoy, W. P.; Miss Beulah Payne, A. M.; Miss Blanche Jolly, Sec.; Mrs. Hattie Drury, Treas.; Mrs. Effie Sipes, Con.; Miss Ada Drury Stith, A. C.; Mrs. Mary Carman, Chap.; Mrs. Margaret McCoy, Marshal; Miss Kathleen Walker, Organist; Miss Maggie Scott, Adah; Mrs. Kate Kasey, Ruth; Miss Minnie Walker, Esther; Mrs. Ella Holt, Martha; Mrs. Victoria Gross, Electa; Mrs. Laura Stith, Warden; Wade Drury, Sentinel.

Wound May Prove Fatal.

Hawesville, Ky., Dec. 28.—Leonard Morgan, who was seriously wounded with a knife by Grover Smith on Christmas day, near Lyonia, in this county, is expected to die at any moment. Absent members of his family have been summoned to his bedside, and Justice Keown, who issued the warrant for Smith's arrest, took young Morgan's dying statement in regard to the difficulty. He said Smith invited him out into the public road to fight out a previous difference and he agreed to go, and followed Smith out, but as soon as he stepped from the door Smith struck him with the knife twice in succession. Smith has been put under \$500 bond on the charge of malicious cutting, and his trial is set for Saturday of next week. In the event that Morgan dies a new warrant will be issued charging murder.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

**Important to all Women
Readers of This Paper.**

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But thousands of irritable, nervous, tired and broken-down women have restored their health and strength by the use of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

Swamp-Root brings new life and activity to the kidneys, the cause of such troubles.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, may address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and receive sample bottle free by mail. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

HARDINSBURG.

Reuben Brown, of Cincinnati, spent the holidays in town.

Miss Mayne Mattingly left Friday for Evansville to enter Lockyear's Business College.

Mrs. Millard Frank and daughter, Alice Frank, are visiting Mrs. Frank DeHaven.

Mrs. John Keller, of Rockport, Ind., was the guest of her grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Wm. Ahl, last week.

Jas. W. and Tice Miller and Mrs. F. N. LeSieur have returned from Sunny Dale where they visited their brother, John Miller.

Mrs. Will DeHaven entertained at dinner Friday the following: Mesdames E. O. Frank, Humphrey Marshall, Ann Frank and Dolph DeHaven.

Dr. Tom Gardner and daughter, of Madisonville, have returned to their home after a visit to R. G. Gardner.

Mrs. R. F. McGary, of Louisville, was the guest of relatives in town last week.

Fred Jolly, of Eddyville, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Jolly, near town.

Wm. Ditto came down from Louisville and spent Xmas day with his mother, Mrs. Hattie Ditto.

Claud Mercer spent part of last week in Louisville.

Miss Margaret Miller had as her week end guests Misses Bettie Lewis and Alice Miller, Messrs. Geo. Monarch, Ven Withers and Murray Davis.

Dr. Allen Kincheloe, of McQuady, and Lewis Kincheloe, of Louisville, were the guests of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Kincheloe, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip McGary, of West Baden, are in town the guests of relatives.

Charlie Mattingly visited his uncle, Geo. Mattingly, of Kirk, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McElwaine, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Shaw.

Mrs. Wm. Marker, of West Baden, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hook.

Mrs. Percy Beard and daughters, Virginia and Clara, are in Union Star the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Richardson.

Miss Helen Board, of Irvington, visited her aunt, Mrs. C. L. Beard, during the holidays.

Misses Lillian Beard, Margaret Peyton, Messrs. Nathaniel Shellman, Howard Hook, Hobart Shelman and Franklin Beard were visitors in Glen Dean last week.

Miss Agnes McGill, of Louisville, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Rose Lou Ditto left Saturday for Horse Cave to resume her school work.

Miss Katie Eskridge will leave today for Louisville after a pleasant visit to her mother, Mrs. Addie Eskridge.

The Misses Ahl entertained the Book Lovers' Club Friday evening. Misses Lelia Baker and Katie Eskridge were the guests of honor. A very pleasant evening was spent. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be Saturday evening at 7 o'clock with the Misses Eskridge.

Judge Henry Moorman and Sherman Ball were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jolly Sunday.

Wild Gibson, of Sample, and James DeJarnette, of Holt, were in town on business Saturday.

Miss Belle McGary, of Cloverport, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lizzie McGary.

Mrs. Larkin Gibson, of Cloverport, arrived Saturday for a visit to her mother, Mrs. Susan Squires.

Misses Mary Leigh Gregory and Isabel Moorman, of Harard, were visitors in town Saturday.

Miss Frances Moorman, of Falls of Rough, was the guest of Miss Margaret Peyton last week.

D. C. Walls, of Louisville, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Walls.

Messrs. Millard Frank, Earl Bennett and Paul Tilford, of Irvington, were visitors in town Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. B. Miller, of Eddyville, has returned to her home after a month's visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeno Hendrick.

Miss Maud Smith, of Glen Dean, has returned to her home after a visit to Misses Mary and Annie O'Reilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Miller and son, Robert, of Cloverport, have returned to their home after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Zeno Hendrick.

For Sale

Registered Poland China Hogs, either sex. Also 10 or 15 tons of first-class Timothy Hay.

WAGGONER BROS. Cloverport,

COAL!

The best coal that is sold in this city.

We have established a coal yard here and this famous coal can be had any time during the winter from our yards where we have on hand 5,000 to 10,000 bushels.

W. E. MONICAL, Agent

If You Need Coal Call Him Up at 34-R or 86

THOS. RALEY

Miner of Rayley's Hancock Coal.

House and Lot For Sale

A 5-room dwelling with two porches; one feed barn 40x50 feet; warehouse 40x50 feet; 2½ acres in lot; known as the Dr. Lynch property in McQuady. \$1,000 will buy this property. For terms and further particulars, write

G. W. ESKRIDGE, :: Sample, Ky.

For "Quality's Sake" Use

Lewisport—BEST—Flour

IT MEANS

PERFECTION IN YOUR BAKING

If Your Grocer Don't Keep it, Write to us

LEWISPORT MILL CO.

Lewisport, Kentucky

**FOR SALE
COTTON SEED MEAL**

Coal, Hay and Grain

HESTON, WHITWORTH & CO.
Hardinsburg, Ky.

H. E. ROYALTY

PERMANENT DENTIST

Cumb. Phone 18. Residence Shellman House

Hardinsburg, :: Kentucky

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Ask the Farmer Who Has One

what wonders the Cumberland Telephone works for him. He will reply:

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| 1 Sells my products | 4 Protects the home |
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Seven cardinal reasons why YOU should be interested and send today for booklet. For information call Manager

Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Co.
(Incorporated.)

Better Subscribe for The News Right Now

CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1913

Subscription price \$1.00 a year in advance.
BUSINESS LOCALS 10c per line, and 5c for each additional
insertion.

CARDS OF THANKS over five lines charged for at the rate of
10 cents per line.

OBITUARIES charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line. money
in advance.

Examine the label on your paper. If it is not correct please
notify us.

THE RED WEED AND THE POPPY.

The little yellow heathens who have been making their living in
the fascinating poppy fields of China can be held up as examples to
the world, especially to the tobacco growers of Kentucky.

The Chinese people have accomplished a wonderful revolution in
the conquest of opium. They realized the terrific depreciating in-
fluence opium had on its people and the Chinese government entered
upon an agreement with England to abolish its cultivation. The ar-
rangement was regarded as absurd at first and now its actual achieve-
ment is amazing. The Chinese farmers cheerfully supplanted their
poppy fields with silk and cotton and cereals. In fact, it meant more
to them to give up their poppy industry than it would to the Ken-
tucky farmer to supplant his tobacco raising by the cultivation of
corn.

Men will throw their hands up in holy horror at the thought of
abolishing the tobacco habit, but gradually they will see the wisdom
of it as they have in regard to alcohol. Supplant your tobacco fields
and patiently drive this foe to prosperity from our country. The to-
bacco growers have been fooling themselves long enough with this
old red weed and the time is ripe for them to show the selfrestraint
the Chinese have shown and prove themselves capable of cultivating
a greater product than tobacco.

FIRE AND ITS DISASTROUS PROMISE.

Fire! We have all heard the terrible alarm and again our at-
tention is called to the fact of no protection by a timely letter from
Col. E. Polk Johnson. It is published in this week's issue. He is
anxious that the good people of this city receive his suggestions
kindly and protect themselves against future fire. His letter will be
followed by a postscript next week containing more information that
is valuable in regard to the installation of a fire department.

Col. John Monarch, of Kirk, was here last week feeling the
pulse of the voters as to his candidacy for County Court Clerk, pro-
vided however, that Col. Vic Robertson don't make the race. It is
the feeling of nearly every Democrat to which the News has talked
to regarding the race, that Vic Robertson ought to make it, now that
there is a good chance of an election. They think it due him on ac-
count of the hard fight he made four years ago and lost.

The news of the death of Judge Milton Board will be one that
will touch many homes in Breckenridge county, for there were few
places in which he had not been as a welcomed guest. He was hon-
ored with years that were just sixteen in front of the century mark,
and bore a good name that will be handed down to his loved ones and
long be remembered by his friends.

This is the first time China has ever celebrated New Year's day
on January 1, instead of February 5. Dr. Sun, the first Chinese
President, abrogated the old calendar. They will also have new flags
today, and the dragon that has been crawling over yards of yellow
muslin has been displaced for the ball and crescent emblem of the
Republic.

Many of the Kentucky publishers did not get out their weeklies
last week. The Breckenridge News considers Christmas the best
time for a newspaper, as folks always want to know what is going
on during the high days and holidays. We never want to miss an
opportunity to give our readers all the news that's fit to print.

Christmas was rich in its blessings to the poor this year and
many a ragged child kissed the hand of a rich debutante. It is good
to society men and women to feel the warmth of the grateful hearts
of those outside because, in many cases, their own homes are cold
with ingratitude and selfishness.

Owing to the great rush of advertising matter from our enter-
prising (?) merchants, we had to leave out much valuable reading
matter. Excuse us! This is Christmas times.

The society girls are beginning 1913 by starting anticipation
boxes which is a far more cheerful idea than saving a consolation
fund.

Thirteen is no longer an unlucky number. We are glad that old
superstition was knocked in the head before this bright New Year.

Trying to get well is not near as hard as getting ready to die.

Ruth Whitworth.

The following resolutions were
adopted at M. E. C. S. S., Hardins-
burg Dec. 29, 1912.

God in his providence has seen fit to
send the Angel of Death to our Sunday
School and remove from among us lit-
tle Ruth Whitworth, a member of our
class of little folks only six years old,
she delighted in going to Sunday
school. We shall see her sunny face
and quiet, easy ways no more. She
will sit with us no more in Sabbath
school in her little red chair to learn of
Jesus and heaven. She has gone up to
learn from Him, face to face, who
spoke as never man spoke.

Resolved, That we take comfort
from these truths: "As in Adam all die,
even so in Christ shall all be made
alive." Jesus while on earth even took

little children in his arms and blessed
them and said, "of such is the kingdom
of heaven." Jesus will come again and
will take with Him all the good of ev-
ery age to live with Him forever in
heaven. The sleeping body of our lit-
tle Ruth will not be forgotten in the
Resurrection, and if we are good, like
her, we shall see her again.

Second, That we hereby tender to the
bereaved parents and lonely sisters our
real heartfelt sympathy in their sad af-
liction. Their sorrow is tempered with
the blessed hope and quiet joy of see-
ing her again. "For she is not dead
but sleepeth."

Third, That this action of our Sab-
bath school be entered in our book of
records, a copy be furnished the be-
reaved family. Also a copy to The
Fourth District Leader and Brecken-
ridge News with request to publish.

Com. Marvin D. Beard,
Miss Tida Mercer,
Miss Martha Gardner,



Lookout Mountain and Tennessee River at Chattanooga, Tenn.

GREAT CONVENTION OF BAPTIST LAY- MEN TO BE HELD IN CHATTANOOGA

Of Great Moment and Significance

Baptist Laymen of the South Will Meet Febru-
ary 4, 5 and 6 in Southern Metropolis--Elabor-
ate Program Arranged--Convention City the
Center of Brotherhood--2,500,000 Baptists.

"On to Chattanooga!"

That is the slogan of the Southern
Baptist laymen at this time, anticipat-
ing the great conference to be held in
the Tennessee city February 4, 5 and
6, 1913.

A center from which 9 railroads, over
which pass between 75 and 100 trains
daily, radiate; a city, the scenic and
historic setting of which gives it wide
pre-eminence, Chattanooga, Tenn., has
become noted as a place for the hold-
ing of conventions, ranging in impor-
tance from state-wide to nation-wide
scope.

Unrivalled Scenic Setting.

As to the scenic setting of Chatta-
nooga, it is safely stated that no city
can rival it. Missionary Ridge, to the
east, Lookout Mountain to the south-
west, Orchard Knob, within the city
limits, and Chickamauga Park, twelve
miles south, in Georgia, on the trolley
line, were all scenes of conflict during
the great war between the states; and,
no matter where the visitor is from, he
can find spots of interest to visit--
places that will interest him, on ac-
count of associations participated in
by soldiers from his part of the coun-
try, whether north or south. In this
section the bearers of the Star-Span-
gled Banner met the bearers of the
Southern Cross in desperate struggle
and in the minds of the people there
is "glory enough for all," as it was a
conflict of "Americans all," each side
contending for a principle.

Missionary Ridge is accessible by
car line, being only a twenty-five min-
utes' ride from the city, with a fine
schedule. Orchard Knob is just a few
blocks off the Missionary Ridge line,
and Lookout Mountain is also accessi-
ble. To visit this historic peak the
visitor takes the St. Elmo street car
which carries him to the foot of the
incline leading up the mountain. As
to this incline, it is one of the most
modernly marvelous pieces of engi-
neering to be found anywhere in the
United States and a trip up is well
worth a visit to Chattanooga. At the
base of the mountain is the historic
town of St. Elmo, which was the resi-
dence of Augusta Evans Wilson, while
writing the novel, "St. Elmo."

The ride to Chickamauga Park is a
delightful one, the car passing first
through the business section of the
city, then through a broad manufac-
turing area, on to Rossville, and then
through the famous Rossville gap into
the fertile fields of North Georgia. Ar-
riving at "the post," as it is familiarly
called by Chattanooga, the visitor
finds good roads, kept up by the gov-
ernment, running through the military
park, with its broad acres and stately
monuments, marking places where he-
roes of both the blue and the gray
poured out their life's blood during
that dreadful conflict, when the forces
clashed in a deadly struggle that
lasted several days. Every school
child knows about the battle of Chick-
amauga and the visitor to Chattanooga
is privileged to revel among its his-
toric spots at will and indulge in remi-
niscences of the past to his heart's
content. Not all the words ever coined
by history writers can describe the
beauties of this place, watered by the
blood of soldiers; nor can the poets
describe the solemnly sacred senti-
ments that hover about it.

Is it any wonder than conventionists
flock to Chattanooga during all seasons
of the year? Is it any wonder that
Chattanooga's hotels are filled the
year round with tourists stopping over
for a day or a week to visit the place
of interest in these parts? Not only
by ones and twos, but sometimes by
whole families the tourists come and
spend days here. Many journey direct
to Chattanooga, while thousands, go-
ing from north to south and from
south to north, stop over. The rail-
roads all give stop-over rates here and
a great part of the time special rates
are on.

Many Notable Gatherings Here.

Chattanooga has in the past enter-
tained some of the most notable gath-
erings that ever assembled. Right
recently this city has been host
to the National Undertakers' As-
sociation, the Travelers' Protective

Association, the Southern Textile As-
sociation, the Southern Woman and
Child Labor Conference, the Army of
the Cumberland and the Union Veter-
ans' Legion. The Army of the Cum-
berland meets regularly in this city.
A most notable gathering here and
one that should be mentioned separat-
ely was the Southern Presbyterian Lay-
men's conference last winter. To this
gathering came 1,500 delegates from
all over the south and during the ses-
sions the Southern Presbyterian lay-
men made great plans for the future,
missionaries volunteered to go to the
foreign fields and thousands of dollars
were pledged for foreign mission
work.

Besides the conventions and assem-
blies already mentioned, there have
met here in time past the American
Bar Association, the American League
of Postmasters, the Association of
Railway Claim Agents, the Association
of Deans of Law Schools, the National
Association of Bank Clerks, the Amer-
ican Association of Dining Car Super-
intendents, the Southern Educational
Association, the Railway Fuel Agents'
Association, the Speech Arts Associa-
tion, the American Society of Civil En-
gineers, conferences of both the Nor-
thern and Southern Methodist Churches,
Presbyterian synods and Baptist state
conventions, also the Southern Baptist
convention.

One of the biggest hauls Chattanooga
ever made in the way of securing
public gatherings was made in Ma-
con, Ga., last spring, when the Chat-
tanooga delegation, several hundred
strong, captured the United Confed-
erate Veterans' Reunion for 1913.

RAILROAD RATES

LOW FARES TO GREAT CONVEN- TION OF BAPTIST LAYMEN IN CHATTANOOGA.

Railroad Facilities Are Unusually
Good--Nine Lines Radiate in Every
Direction--Two Elegant Passenger
Stations.

As a railroad center of wide promi-
nence, Chattanooga, Tenn., holds an
undisputed position of high rank. Ra-
diating from this city are nine lines,
running in every direction and over
them pass some of the fastest and best-
equipped trains in the whole country.
The Dixie Flyer, running from Chi-
cago, Ill., to Jacksonville, Fla., daily,
is one of the most modern and up-to-
date through trains that can be found
anywhere and is widely known to the
traveling public throughout the cen-
tral and eastern portion of the United
States. Besides this, there runs
through Chattanooga, over the South-
ern Railway, the Memphis special and
other fast trains, while Chattanooga is
also entered by the Central of Geor-
gia; the Queen and Crescent route,
embracing the Cincinnati, New Or-
leans and Texas Pacific and the Ala-
bama Great Southern, the Tennessee,
Alabama and Georgia.

There are in Chattanooga two ele-
gant passenger stations. The Termi-
nal Station, a new \$1,000,000 structure,
is located on Market street, in one of
the leading business sections of the
city, while the Union Station is lo-
cated on West Ninth street, within
one block of where all the street cars
of the city pass at close intervals.
Both stations are on car lines that con-
nect with others for all parts of the
city on good schedules.

Chattanooga is favorably known to
all tourists. It is regarded as one of
the most convenient railroad points in
the south, because of both its through
and local service. Persons living with-
in a radius of 150 miles of Chattanooga
can spend the day there and return
to their homes by bedtime.

Ample information about the low
rates for the laymen's convention can
be had either from local railroad
agents or from Dr. J. T. Henderson, at
Bristol, or the Rev. E. E. George at
Chattanooga.

ALWAYS REMEMBER

when contemplating on building, the all-importance
of giving your contract to the right man.

It is a Perfect Delight

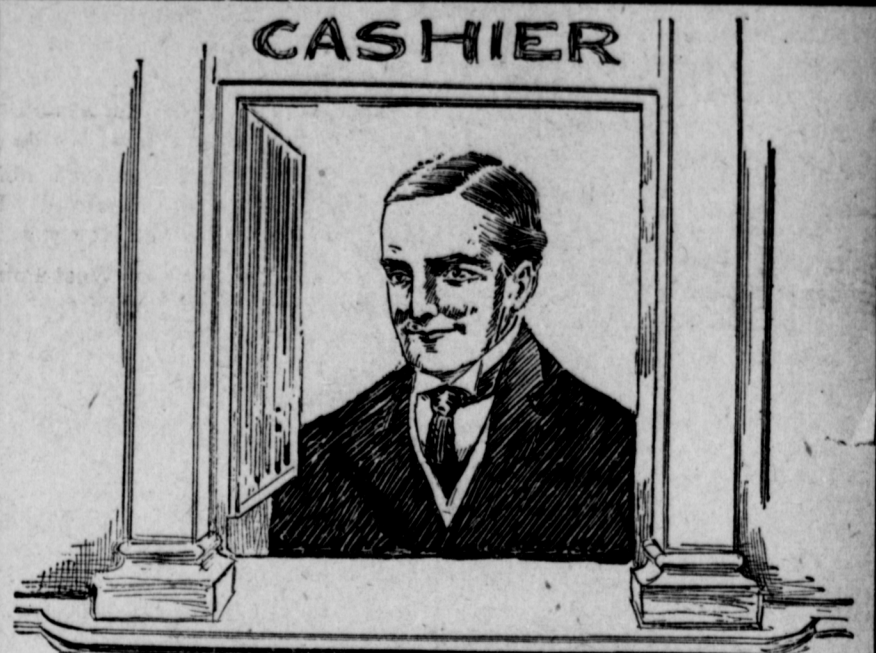
to know that your contract is in the hands of a con-
scientious man, who understands his business, one
who has had experience and one who carries a

Complete Line of

Best Building Materials on the Market	Rough Lumber Flooring, Ceiling Paints, Oils, Varnishes All sorts of Planing Mill Work to order.
---	---

A fine, well put-up house is pointed to with pride by
both owner and builder.

MARION WEATHERHOLT, General Contractor
Cloverport, Kentucky



We will welcome you in our Bank

You will never get a FROWN when you come into our bank, whether
you want to deposit or BORROW money. Come in. We will welcome
you. We will also welcome your account.

We are always glad to give anyone ADVICE about the security of busi-
ness ventures or INVESTMENTS, whether he is one of our depositors or
NOT.

Let Our Bank be Your Bank

"Total Resources, Including Trust Investments \$600,000.00"

THE BANK OF HARDINSBURG & TRUST CO. Hardinsburg, Ky.

LODIBURG

Miss Pulliam, of Stephensport, is
the guest of her uncle's family, Mr.
and Mrs. C. C. Grant this week.

Elbert Keys, of West Point, was vis-
iting relatives here last week.

Miss Blanche Payne and nephew, El-
bert Keys, were guests of Mr. and Mrs.
Hewett Payne, of Mystic, last Monday.

Abe Robertson, of Illinois, is the
guest of his sister, Mrs. June Bandy,
and his father, Allen Robertson.

Miss Mary Noble was visiting Mrs.
Byron Beauchamp, of Hawesville, last
week.

Will Head, of Louisville, was the
guest of friends here last week.

James Barr, of Frymore, is in Loui-
sville this week.

Herman Lancaster is in Louisville.
James Fitch, of Cloverport, was the
guest of his cousin, Robert Keys, last
week.

Joe Cashman and son, of Iowa, are
guests of relatives and friends here.

Cash Basham, of Colorado City, Col.,
sent his father an Xmas present, a \$5
bill, and said he would be at home this
winter on a visit. Cash has been in
Colorado City about three years.

Wallace Parks, of Clifton Mill, was
the guest of Miss Nina Hardin Sunday.

Mrs. Polly Argabright had a stroke
of paralysis last Sunday morning, but
is much improved at this time.

Miss Daisy Adkisson, of Payneville,
is the guest of Miss Annie Keys this
week.

W. B. Argabright was the guest of
friends in Nortons Valley last week.

A. M. Hardin was in Ekron one day
last week on business.

The Christmas tree and entertain-
ment given in the hall over the store
of Hardin and Payne on Christmas eve
was the best of the kind ever given in
this neighborhood. The recitations
were fine. The music was rendered by
Argabrights string band, organists,
Mrs. Meddow Simmons and Roscoe Av-

itt. One of the most interesting reci-
tations was Tommie's Prayer by Jessie
May Bruce. It was said by all present
that it was one of the most beautiful,
as well as the best delivered pieces on
the program. While all were good,
Tommie's Prayer was the best. The
Midnight Murder by Miss Willie Dea-
con was quite a surprise, and at the
conclusion she was greatly cheered.
Boys Composition by Jubas Hardin
drew many cheers from the crowd. The
Ring Before and After Marriage caused
the house to roar with laughter. First
scene was Allen Bandy putting a ring
on Miss Manie Adkisson's finger.
When the curtain rose on the second
act and you saw Mrs. A. M. Hardin
wringing Ben Hardin's nose and if you
could have seen the face Ben was mak-
ing you would have split your sides
with laughter. The sermon delivered
by Ben Hardin brought the house
down. We had fine music while they
were taking the curtains down and
then the Xmas tree showed up in
beauty. Hardin and Payne spared no
expense and had the tree decorated in
all the colors of the rainbow, and it
fairly groaned under the weight of the
beautiful and useful presents glitter-
ing under the light of 200 Christmas
candles. There were about 600 presents
to be distributed to over 400 people
present. Henry Cashman acted as San-
ta Claus. After the presents were dis-
tributed, the boys and girls sang God
be With You Till We Meet Again. We
all went home thanking A. M. Hardin
and Charlie Payne for the expense
they had gone to for the neighborhood's
enjoyment.

1912 Crop Sold.

More than 20,000,000 pounds of tobacco
of the Green River Tobacco Grow-
ers' Association pool was sold at Ow-
ensboro yesterday at prices ranging
from \$0 down to \$5 for leaf and lugs
and \$3 for all the trash.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post
and Breckenridge News
one year \$3.50.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 1, 1913

Entered at the Post Office at Cloverport, Ky as second class matter.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

RATES FOR POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Precinct and city Offices.....\$ 2 50
For County Offices.....\$ 5 00
For State and District Offices.....\$ 15 00
For Calls, per line.....10
For Cards, per line.....10
For All Publications in the interest of individuals or expression of individual views per line.....10

LOCAL BREVITIES

Locals are the little ads that make the sales.

C. D. Hambleton has had the grippe for several days.

James Kasey is seriously ill at his home near town.

Amiel Pate is finishing the mechanics trade in Memphis.

Louis Jolly, Irvington, is in Little Rock for a position.

W. R. Rollins, of Stephensport, went to Harned Monday.

Miss Leonora McGavock spent the holidays in Evansville.

Fresh oysters direct from Baltimore at the English Kitchen.

Miss Irene Taul went to Evansville Saturday to visit friends.

J. W. McGary, of Kirk, returned from Louisville Monday.

The Rev. Mr. James Lewis, of Scottsville, has been ill of grip.

O'Neill Hindnaw, of Evansville, is visiting Mrs. T. W. Geer.

Wallace Pierce, Rome, Ind., returned from Louisville Saturday.

Allen Pierce and Harry Weatherholt spent Christmas at home.

Miss Jennie Mabel Harris is the guest of Miss Martha Willis.

Mrs. Ambie Williams Daniels is the guest of relatives in Louisville.

Rollie Fallon, of Seelyville, Ind., spent Christmas with his mother.

Misses Effie and Eula Robison visited friends in Evansville last week.

Mrs. Emma Skillman is in Louisville visiting her sister, Mrs. Fontaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moorman, Jr., of Versailles, were here Christmas.

All kinds of contracts, farm rents, etc.—V. G. Babbage, notary public.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Hudson, of Versailles, are visiting Mrs. John D. Gregory.

Mr. Fred Pierce, of Louisville, was the guest of Miss Eloise Nolte Christmas.

Dr. Gabbert, of Louisville, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lightfoot.

Mr. and Mrs. Croff Pate, of Kirk, visited her mother, Mrs. Rilla Pate, last week.

H. E. Frymire and son, Junius, of Frymire, were in Louisville for the holidays.

Little Mr. Currie Neubauer is ill of fever at his home in Breckenridge Addition.

William Wroe is spending the holidays in St. Louis the guest of Yewell Holder.

Mr. June Lawson, of Lewisport, was the guest of Miss Susette Sawyer Christmas.

John Jarboe went to Hawesville Monday night for chapter work in the Masonic lodge.



DENTAL INFORMATION

might properly be called inside facts, anyway it is something worth paying serious attention to while there is time.

You are Interested

(or ought to be) in your looks, more than any other person, and there is nothing so attractive as good teeth, or so repulsive as poor teeth. Think it over.

W. A. WALKER, Dentist

Hardinsburg, Ky.

Office over Bakery

Wilbur Hamman, of Chicago, spent last week the guest of his mother, Mrs. M. Hamman.

Mrs. Charles Hambleton and baby daughter, Lucile, are visiting relatives in Cannelton.

Miss Claudia Pate was the guest of Miss Emmy Lou Moorman in Glen Dean last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, of Irvington, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Mitchell Sunday.

Miss Jane Hambleton, of Louisville, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Adele Hambleton.

Mrs. O. C. Shellman, of Stephensport, is spending this week visiting friends in Lewisport.

For reduced rates on Daily Courier Journal and Evening Post see T. N. McGlothlin, Irvington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Duncan spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. David Duncan in Brandenburg.

Miss Karen Moorman returned to Louisville Monday where she is studying to be a trained nurse.

Begin the New Year right by taking an endowment policy and preparing for the future.—L. C. Taul.

Mrs. John Burks and son, Bowmer Burks, of Louisville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bowmer.

Mrs. Con Bland, of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lockard, Irvington.

John D. Bates, of McQuady, was in Hardinsburg Monday. He says the Bull Moose spirit is still with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pate spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Pate and other relatives on Clover Creek.

Capt. Rowland has returned home from Martinsville not improved. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rowland.

Mrs. Lucy Younger, of West Point, returned home yesterday after a visit to Mrs. John A. Ross and relatives.

Thos. McGavock, of Louisville, has bought the farm known as the Duke place below town, and will shortly move to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. N. Fentress, of Glen Dean, were with their daughter, Mrs. Monahan, of Irvington, for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrne Severs and son, Hugh Barrett, of Owensboro, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Severs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowman, of Glen Dean, spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Maggie Allen, at Long Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller and daughter, Miss Michael Miller, of Owensboro, have been guests of Rev. and Mrs. Cottrell.

Mrs. Susie Warfield, of Macon, Ga., has been spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Henry, Irvington.

Miss Anne Hambleton, of Sorgho, and Miss Steele, of Owensboro, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lightfoot.

Mr. and Mrs. James Younger and daughter, Eudora, of West Point, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Babbage Thursday.

James Watlington and grandson, Marvin Payne, of Lodiburg, and Rowland Watlington, of Stephensport, were here yesterday.

Mrs. C. D. Hambleton visited her son, Marion Hambleton, last week at Mattingly, who has been ill with grippe for some time.

An insurance policy would make the best kind of a Christmas present. For accurate and dependable information ask L. C. Taul.

Mr. Walter Smart left for Phoenix, Arizona, last week, after a visit of five months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Smart.

Miss Isabelle Burn and Mr. Luther Pate will attend the houseparty at Fordville to be given by Miss Louise Lewis this week.

Ruth Meador, of Nickerson, Kas., who was injured recently, is improving. A horse fell on him and injured his body seriously.

Miss Beatrice McCracken arrived home from Cincinnati Monday night. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Lillian Roth.

Dr. Austin Popham and Mrs. Popham and children, Ella, Ruth and Louise, of Louisville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mike Popham.

There will be special exercises at the Brick Church Sunday School at Hardinsburg Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m. Everybody welcome.

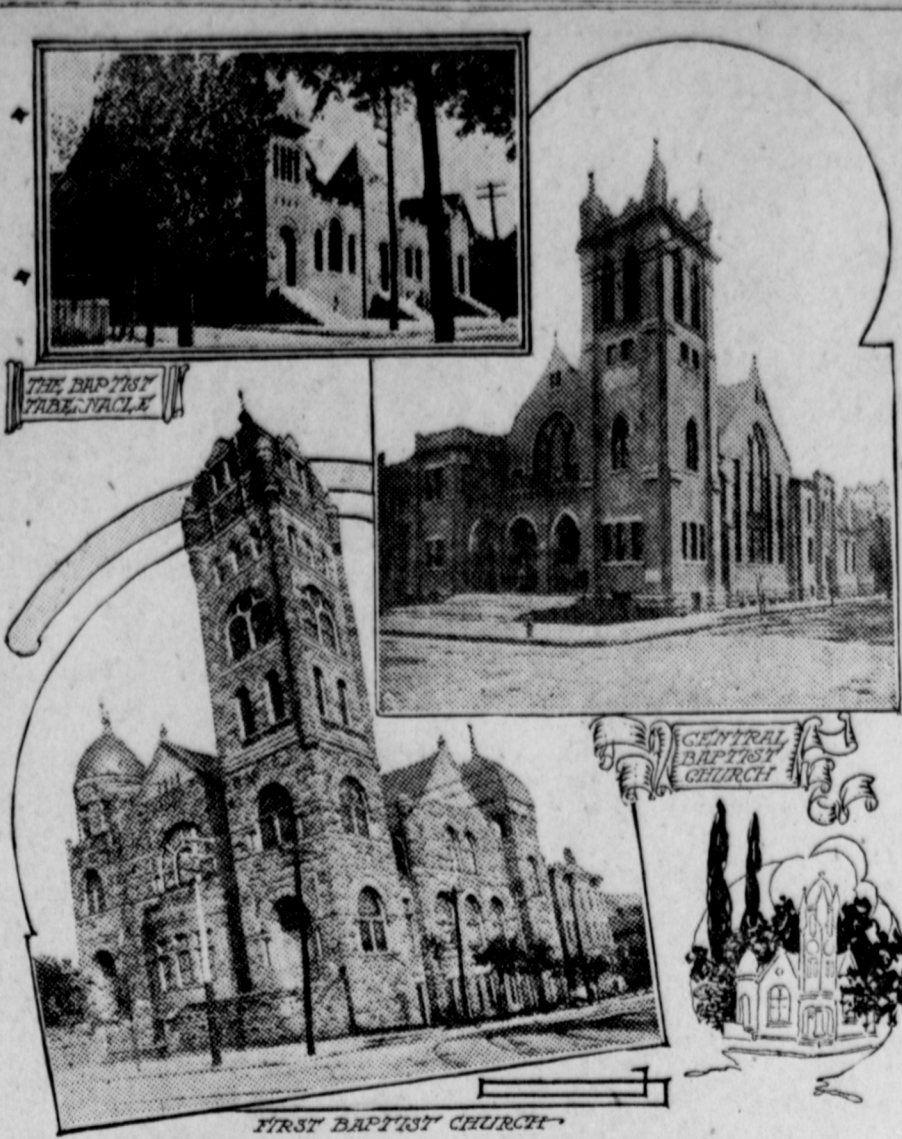
Mr. Leitch, of Pittsburgh, spent Christmas here. Mr. and Mrs. Leitch and son, John, were guests of relatives in Hawesville Thursday.

Mr. Harry Hills and daughters, Misses Julia and Mary Dee, of Richmond, returned home Friday after a visit to Mrs. Mary Oelze.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skillman and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Skillman, arrived from Morganfield Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Skillman.

News has been received here of the arrival of twin girls at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Keenan, of Evansville, formerly of Mattingly.

Continued in 5th column



Group of Some of the Leading Church Edifices in Chattanooga.

RELIGIOUS CENTER MANY FINE HOTELS

CHATTANOOGA MERITS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING VERY STRONG IN ITS CHURCHES.

Baptists Occupy a High Place Numerically—Interchurch Federation Has Proved to be a Great Success in This City.

Chattanooga merits easily the distinction of being a religious center. This is demonstrated not only by the cordial welcome it always extends to visiting religious conventions, but by the activity in church circles locally. The interchurch federation there has already proven a success, as was shown recently when the city auditorium was the scene of a service in the interest of church unity, under the auspices of the federation.

The Baptists in Chattanooga occupy a high position numerically. There are in Chattanooga over a dozen active white Baptist churches and each Monday morning, following a conference of the ministers of all denominations in the Y. M. C. A. building, the Baptist pastors meet in the Sunday-school room of the First Baptist Church and there discuss the work of their denomination. The suburban churches in Chattanooga, as well as those uptown, are active in promoting the causes for which they stand.

All the Baptists of Chattanooga are unanimous in their anticipation of the coming laymen's convention and they are making big preparations to give their visiting brethren, both ministers and laymen, a hearty welcome, the memory of which will last long after the convention shall have adjourned.

A Chattanooga Baptist welcome, which is of the highest type, and a welcome from the members of the other denominations, born of Christian fellowship, will be accorded all delegates.

Chattanoogans will open their hearts to the Baptist hosts who journey that way February 4, 5 and 6.

SKETCH OF MOVEMENT

Southern Baptists Endorse Laymen's Missionary Movement in Richmond, Va., in 1907.

Southern Baptists endorsed the Laymen's Movement at the meeting of their convention in Richmond, Va., in May, 1907. An executive committee of nine men was appointed with J. Harry Tyler as chairman, and Baltimore as headquarters. After months of searching for a secretary the committee secured the services of J. T. Henderson, of Virginia, for a part of his time.

The movement has gained considerable headway among Southern Baptists; the different states have committees more or less active and hundreds of association and churches have committees to press the principles of this movement. South Carolina has a salaried secretary. Scores of men are recognizing the obligation of stewardship and are heartily giving valuable time, thought and service as well as money to the propagation of the gospel.

The great convention to be held in Chattanooga will add new impetus to this movement among Southern Baptists.

The speakers are to be among the ablest on the continent. President S. C. Mitchell, of the State University of South Carolina; Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Texas; Dr. W. J. Williamson, of St. Louis; J. Campbell White, of New York; President W. L. Poter, of Wake Forest College, N. C.; Dr. H. F. La Flamme, of New York; Dr. Geo. W. Truett, of Texas, and Judge Whipple, of Georgia, are a few of the speakers.

CHATTANOOGA HAS AMPLE HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR DELEGATES TO CONVENTION.

Hotel Facilities for the 3,000 Pastors and Laymen Expected—Convention City Noted for Excellence of its Hotels and its Hospitality to Visitors.

A city noted for its ample hotel accommodations is Chattanooga, Tenn., which will be thronged with visitors February 4, 5 and 6, and already the hotels there are beginning to look forward to the occasion, anticipating the accommodation of many guests. Although the attendance upon the convention, it is expected will reach 3,000, including laymen and pastors, all will be well taken care of in a comfortable manner.

Hotel facilities form a city's chief asset as far as the traveling public is concerned. The rapid growth in size and popularity of Chattanooga had given rise to an ever-increasing demand for ample hotel accommodations and this demand has always been supplied. Never has it been said of Chattanooga that it could not care for all who were guests within its hospitable borders. The 60,000 tourists who visit the city annually all receive the best of attention.

The largest hotel in the city is the Hotel Patten, a twelve-story \$1,000,000 structure, with over 250 rooms, located at the point where Georgia avenue, Market street and Eleventh street come together. This hotel is one of the finest structures of its kind in America, is absolutely fireproof and equipped with all modern hotel facilities.



Hotel Patten (Headquarters).

Both the Patten and the Read are frequently chosen as headquarters for notable gatherings.

The Grand hotel, a new five-story fireproof building, is located on Market street, just across from the Terminal station. It is modernly equipped.

Other hotels are:

The Read house, located on West Ninth street, opposite the Union Station.

The Eastern hotel, corner of Market and Eleventh streets.

The Hotel Northern, corner of Chestnut and Eighth streets.

The Theresa, on East Sixth street, back of the Bijou.

The Ford hotel, South Market street, near the Terminal station.

The Tourist hotel, South Market street, opposite the Terminal station.

The Redmon hotel, South Market street, opposite the Terminal station.

The Terminal hotel, East Fourteenth street, near the Terminal station.

The Williams house, on Market street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, running through to Georgia avenue.

The New Year prompts us to express appreciation of that invaluable asset "goodwill" a gift you have so kindly bestowed on us during the past year : : : : :

J. C. NOLTE & BRO.
CLOVERPORT, KY.

A Suit or Overcoat Would Make a Most Practical Gift to any man

...OUR...

Holiday Clearance Sale

Of Overcoats and Suits. It is our Christmas contribution to our patrons

Suits and Overcoats marked	Suits and Overcoats marked	Suits and Overcoats marked
\$10	\$12	\$15
\$8.00	\$10.00	\$12.50

I. B. RICHARDSON
Garfield, Ky.

LOCALS

Richard Newman, while regulating his tobacco in his barn recently, lost his footing and fell and is in a serious condition from internal injuries.

Geo. Lawrence and little nephew, Sherley Biggs, Lawrence Henderson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Head, Irvington, for the holidays.

Moorman & Ball, the young attorneys, have added to their already large law library sixty seven volumes of the Reports and Digest of the United States Supreme Court.

Tousey Pate, of Louisville, came down Christmas Eve for a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Pate. He is well pleased with the city and is making good wages.

Attendance tabulation of the Methodist church will begin at the prayer-meeting tonight. A record of every member will be kept in full showing his attendance at all the services.

Miss Christine Neubauer and Mrs. Mahoney and little daughter, have returned to their homes in Owensboro after a few days visit with their brother's family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neubauer.

Horace Allen, Louisville, came down to spend a few days with Morris Beard hunting. Horace has the "back to the farm spirit." Says he would like to buy 100 acres just to try his hand farming.

Dr. Lon Moremen, wife and son, and Mrs. Kate Bennett, of Irvington; Joe Moorman, Albert Moremen, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richardson and son, J. Morgan, Brandenburg; John Lyddan, Webster, go to Sarasota Bay, Fla., next week to spend three months.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

Wants.

For Sale—White Plymouth Rock Cocks
FOR SALE—6 or 8 full-blooded White Plymouth Rock cocks, from registered pedigree stock. \$1.00 each if taken at once.—Mrs. Edward Bowe, Cloverport, Ky.

House For Rent
FOUR rooms and two halls. Apply to F. C. English, Cloverport, Ky.

FOR SALE—B. P. Rock Cockerels
A FEW choice Bred Plymouth Rock cockerels; no better birds in the country; the eggs were from No. 1 prize winning pen. \$2 cash. Mrs. C. L. Chamberlain, Irvington, Ky.

FOR SALE—Double Set Work Harness
A DOUBLE set of work harness in good condition; will sell cheap. C. L. Chamberlain, Irvington, Ky.

For Sale—30 Acres Timber
MOSTLY White Oak; 1½ mile from Ohio river. Address W. S. Ashby, Cloverport, Ky.

For Sale
FOR SALE—A 15 horse power stationary Gas Engine; Watkins make. In good repair.—Breckenridge News, Cloverport, Ky.

For Sale
FOR SALE—Deeds, Mortgages and all kinds of legal blanks.—Breckenridge News, Cloverport, Ky.

Dr. W. B. TAYLOR

..Permanent..

Dentist

Cloverport, Kentucky

Farmers Bank Calendar.

The most attractive calendar the Breckenridge News has received is the one from The Farmers Bank of Hardinsburg. The patrons are delighted with the remembrance.

The Stolen Singer

By Mariha Bellinger

(Copyright, 1931, The Bobbs-Merrill Company)
CHAPTER VI.

On Board the Jeanne D'Arc.
If hard usage and obstacles could cure a knight-errant of his sentiment, then Jimmy Hambleton had been free of his passion for the Face. His plunge overboard had been followed by a joyous swim, a lusty call to the yacht for "Help," and a growing amazement when he realized that it was the yacht's intention to pass him by. He had swum valiantly, determined to get picked up by that particular craft, when suddenly his strength failed. He remembered thinking that it was all up with him, and then he lost consciousness.

When he awoke he was on a hard bunk in a dim place, and a sailor was jerking him about. His throat burned with a fiery liquid. Then he felt the plunging and rising of the boat, and came to life sufficiently to utter the stereotyped words, "Where am I?"

In Jim's case the question did not imply the confused groping back to sense that it usually indicates, but rather an actual desire to know whether or not he was on board the Jeanne D'Arc. Plainly his wits had not been badly shattered by his experience overboard. But the sailor who was attending him with such ministrations as he understood, answered him with a sample of French which Jim had never met with in his school-books, and he was not enlightened for some hours.

It was indeed the Jeanne D'Arc, as Jim proved for himself the next day, and he was lying in the seamen's quarters in the fo'c's'le. By morning he felt much better, hungry, and prepared in his mind for striking a bargain with one of the sailors for clothes. He could make out their lingo soon, he guessed, and then he would get a suit of clothes and fare on deck. Suddenly he grasped his waist, struck with an unpleasant thought; his money-belt was gone! He was wearing a sailor's blue flannel shirt and nothing else. He turned over on his hard bunk, thinking that he would have to wait a while before making his entrance on the public stage of the Jeanne D'Arc.

And wait he did. Not a rag of clothing was in sight, and no cajolery or promise of reward could persuade the ship's men into supplying his need. He received consignments of food; short rations they would be, he judged, for an able-bodied seaman. But inactivity and confinement to the fo'c's'le soon worked havoc with his physique, so that appetite, and even desire of life itself, temporarily disappeared in the gloom of seasickness.

In spite of difficulties, Jim tried to find out something about the boat. The seamen were none too friendly; but by patching up his almost forgotten French and by signs, he learned something. His sudden failure of strength in the water had been due to a blow from a floating spar, as a bruise on his forehead testified; "the old man," whom Jim supposed to be the captain, was a hard master; Monsieur Chatelard was owner, or at least temporary proprietor, of the yacht; and the present voyage was an unlucky one by all the signs and omens known to the seamen's horoscope.

The sullenness of the men was apparent, and was not caused by the enforced presence of a stranger among them. In fact, their bad temper became so conspicuous that Jim began to believe that it might have something to do with the mysterious actions of the man on shore. He pondered the situation deeply; he evolved many foolish schemes to compass his own enlightenment, and dismissed them one by one. He grimly reflected that a man without clothes can scarcely be a hero, whatever his spirit. Not since the days of Olympus was there any record of man or god being received into any society whatever without his sartorial shell, thought Jimmy. But in spite of his discomfort, he was glad he was there. The intuition that had led him since that memorable Sunday afternoon was strong within him still, and he never questioned its authority. He believed his turn would come, even though he was a prisoner in the fo'c's'le of the Jeanne D'Arc.

As the violence of his sickness passed, Jim began to cast about for some means of helping himself. Gradually he was able to dive into the forgotten shallows of his French learning. By much wrinkling of brows he evolved a sentence, though he had to wait some hours before there was a favorable chance to put it to use. At last his time came, with the arrival of his former friend, the sailor.

"Oo avay-voo cashay mon money-belt?" he inquired with much confidence, and with pure Yankee accent.

The sailor answered with a shrug and a spreading of empty hands.

"Pas de money-belt, pas de pantalons, pas de tous! Dam queer Amayricain!"

Jim was not convinced of the sailor's innocence, but perceived that he

doubt. As the sailor intimated, Jim, himself, was open to suspicion, and couldn't afford to be too zealous in calumniating others. He fell to thinking again, and attacked the next Frenchman that came into the fo'c's'le with the following:

"Kond j'aytay malade don ma tate, kee a pree mon money-belt?"

It was the ship's cook this time, and he turned and stared at Jimmy as though he had seen a ghost. When he found tongue he uttered a volume of opinion and abuse which Jimmy knew by instinct was not fit to be translated, and then he fled up the ladder.

On the fourth day, toward evening, James had a visitor. All day the yacht had been pitching and rolling, and by afternoon she was laboring in the violence of a storm and was listing badly.

James was a fearless seaman, but it crossed his mind more than once that if he were captain, and if there were a port within reach, he would put into it before midnight. But he could tell nothing of the ship's course. He turned the subject over in his mind as he lay on his bunk in that peculiar state half-way between sickness and health, when the body is relaxed by a purely accidental illness and the mind is abnormally alert. He wished intensely for a bath, a shave, and a fair

complement of clothes. He longed also to go up the hatchway for a breath of air, and was considering the possibility of doing this later, with a blanket and darkness for a shield, when he became conscious of a pair of neatly trousered legs descending the ladder. It was quite a different performance from the catlike climbing up and down of the sailors.

Jimmy watched in the dim light until the whole figure was complete, fantastically supplying, in his imagination, the coat, the shirt, the collar and the tie to go with the trousers—all the things which he himself lacked. Was there also a hat? Jimmy couldn't make out, and so he asked:

"Have you got on a hat?"

A frigid voice answered, "I beg your pardon!"

"I said, are you wearing a hat? I couldn't see, you know."

"Monsieur takes the liberty of being impertinent."

"Oh, excuse me—I beg your pardon. But it's so beastly hot and dark in here, you know, and I've never been seasick before."

"No? Monsieur is fortunate." The visitor advanced a little, drew from a recess a shoe-blackening outfit, pulled over it one of the stiff blankets from a neighboring bunk, and sat down rather cautiously. Little by little James made out more of the look of the man. He was large and rather blond, well-dressed, clean-shaven. He spoke English easily, but with a foreign accent.

"I wish to inquire to what unfortunate circumstances we are indebted for your company on the Jeanne D'Arc." The voice was cool and sharp as a meat-ax.

"Why, to your own kind-heartedness. I was a derelict and you took me in—saved my life, in fact; for which I am profoundly grateful. And I hope my presence here is not too great a burden?"

"I am obliged to say that your presence here is most unwelcome. Moreover, I am aware that your previous actions are open to suspicion, to express it mildly. You threw yourself off the tug; and as this is not a pleasure yacht, but the vessel of a high official speeding on a most important business matter, I said to the captain, 'Let him swim! Or, if he wishes to die, why should we thwart him?' But the captain referred to the 'etiquette of the line,' as he calls it, and picked you up. So you have not me to thank for not being among the fishes this minute."

Jimmy pulled his blanket about and sat up on his bunk. The sarcastic voice stirred his bile, and suddenly there boomed in his memory a woman's call for help. The hooded motor-car, the muffled cry of terror, the inert figure being lifted over the side of the yacht—these things crowded on his brain and fired him to a sudden, unreasoning fury. He leaned over, looking sharply into the other's face.

"You damned scoundrel!" he said, choking with his anger. The blood surged into his face and eyes; he was, for an instant, a primitive savage. He could have laid violent hands on the other man and done him to death, in the fashion of the half-gods who lived in the twilight of history.

The visitor in the fo'c's'le exhibited a neat row of teeth and no resentment whatever at Jim's remark. But a sharp glitter shot from his eyes as he replied suavely:

"Monsieur has doubtless mistaken this ship, and probably its master also, for some other less worthy adventurer on the sea. For that very reason I have come to set you right. It may be that I have my quixotic moments. At any rate, I have a fancy to give you a gentleman's chance. Monsieur, I regret the necessity of being inhospitable, but I am forced to say that you must quit the shelter of this yacht within twenty-four hours."

The thin, sarcastic voice and clean-cut syllables fanned the flame of Jimmy's rage. He felt impotent, moreover, which never serves as a poultice to anger. But he got himself in hand, though imitation courtesy was not much in his line. He tuned his big hearty voice to a pitch with the Frenchman's nasal pipe, and clipped off his words in mimicry.

"And to whom, pray, shall I have the honor to say farewell, at the auspicious moment when I jump overboard?"

"Gently, you American, gently!" said the other. "My friends, and some of my enemies, know me as Monsieur Chatelard." As he paused for



THIS remarkable photograph just received from the scene of the Bulgarian operations in front of Adrianople, shows a great body of Turkish prisoners on the march, guarded by the Bulgarians who captured them.

an impressive instant, Jim, grabbing his blanket, stood up in derision and executed an elaborate bow in as foreign a manner as he could command. Monsieur Chatelard politely waved him down and continued:

"But pray do not trouble to give me your card! I had rather say adieu to Monsieur the Unknown, whose daring and temper I so much admire. But I certainly misunderstand your violent remark a moment ago, did I not? You can not possibly have any ground of quarrel with me."

"I thought you stole my money-belt."

Monsieur smiled and waved a deprecatory hand. "You have already dismissed that idea, I am certain. A money-belt, between gentlemen! Moreover, you should thank me for so much as recognizing the gentleman in you, since you are without the customary trappings of our class."

"Oh, I don't know," said Jim. But Monsieur Chatelard was now imperturbable. He continued blandly:

"Since you are fond of sea-baths, you will no doubt enjoy a plunge—tonight possibly. As we have made rather slow progress, we are really not so far from shore. Yes, on second thought, I would by all means advise you to take your departure tonight. Swim back to shore the way you came. In any case, your absence is desired."

There will be no room or provision or water for you on board the Jeanne D'Arc after tonight. Is my meaning clear?"

Jim was watching, as well as he could, the immobile, expressionless face, and did not immediately note that Monsieur Chatelard had drawn a small, shiny object from his hip pocket and was holding it carelessly in his lap. As his gaze focussed on the revolver, however, he did the one thing, perhaps, which at that moment could have put the Frenchman off his guard. He threw his head back and laughed aloud.

But before his laugh had time to echo in the narrow fo'c's'le, Jim leaped from his bunk upon his tormentor, like a cat upon a mouse, seized his right hand in a paralyzing grip, and was himself thrown violently to the floor. The struggle was brief, for the Frenchman was no match for Jim in strength and scarcely superior to him in skill; but it took one of Jim's wrestling feints to get the better of his opponent. He came out, in five seconds, with the pistol in his hand. Monsieur Chatelard, a bit breathless, but not greatly discomfited, peered out at him from the edge of the opposite bunk, where he sat uncomfortably. His cynical voice capped the struggle like a streak of pitch.

"Pray keep the weapon. You are welcome, though your methods are somewhat surprising. Had I known them earlier, I might have offered you my little toy."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Jimmy. "I thought you might not be used to firearms, that's all."

The varnished surface of Monsieur Chatelard's countenance gave no evidence of his having heard Jim's remark.

"Don't fancy that your abrupt movements have deprived me of what authority I may happen to possess on this vessel. My request as to your future action still stands, unless you had rather one of my faithful men should assist you in carrying out my purpose."

Hambleton stood with legs wide apart to keep his balance, regarding the weapon in his hand, from which his gaze traveled to the man on the bunk. When it came to dialogue, he was no match for this sarcastic purveyor of words. He wondered whether Monsieur Chatelard was actually as cool as he appeared. As he stood there, the Jeanne D'Arc pitched forward until it seemed that she could never right herself, then slowly and laboriously she rode the waves again.

"You are a more picturesque villain than I thought," remarked James. "You have all the tricks of the stage hero—secret passages, fancy weapons, and—crowning glory—a fatal gift of gab!"

Monsieur Chatelard arose, making

his way toward the hatch.

"Many thanks. I can not return the compliment in such a happy choice of English," he scoffed, "but I can truthfully say that I have rarely seen so striking and unique a figure as I now behold; certainly never on the stage, to which you so politely refer."

But James was too deeply intent on his next move to be embarrassed by his lack of clothes. Not in vain had his gorge risen almost at first sight of this man. He stepped quickly in front of Monsieur Chatelard, blocking his exit up the ladder, while the revolver in his hand looked straight between the Frenchman's eyes.

Whatever Chatelard's crimes were, he was not a coward. He did not flinch, but his eyes gleamed like cold steel as Jim cornered him.

"Now," said Jim, "I have my turn."

Wrath burned in his heart.

"Captain Paquin! Antoine, Antoine!" called Chatelard. No one answered the call of the master of the ship, but even as the two men measured their force one against the other, they were arrested by a commotion above. Voices were heard shouting, tramping feet were running back and forth over the deck, and a moment later the ship's cook came tumbling down the hatchway, screaming in terror. He glared unheeding at the two men, and his teeth chattered. Fear had possession of him.

Jim lifted his revolver well out of reach, and backed off from Chatelard. For the first time during the interview between the American and the Frenchman, the two now faced each other as man to man, with the mask of their suspicions, their vanities and their hate cast aside.

"What is the matter? What is this fool saying?" Jim asked in loathing.

At last Monsieur Chatelard looked at Jim with eyes of fear. His face became so pale and drawn that it resembled a sponge from which the last drop of water had been pressed.

"He says the yacht is half full of water—that she is sinking," the Frenchman said.

"Sinking!" echoed Jim, bearing down again, with lowered revolver, on his enemy. "Well and good! You're going to be drowned, not shot, after all! And now you shall speak, you scamp! Your game's up, whatever happens. Get up and lead the way, quick, and show me in what part of this infernal boat you are hiding Agatha Redmond."

Chatelard started toward the hatchway, followed sharply by Jim's revolver, but at the foot of the ladder he turned his contemptuous, sneering face toward Jim, with the remark:

"Your words are the words of a fool, you pig of an American! There is no lady aboard this yacht, and I never so much as heard of your Agatha Redmond. Otherwise, be pleased to play Mercury to your Venus."

To Jim's ears, every syllable the Frenchman spoke was an insult, and words rekindled the fire in his blood.

"You shall pay for that speech here and now!" he yelled; and, discarding his revolver, he dealt the Frenchman a short-arm blow. Chatelard, trying to dodge, tripped over the base of the ladder and went down heavily on the floor of the fo'c's'le. He had apparently lost consciousness.

As Jim saw his victim stretched on the floor, he turned away with loathing. He picked up his revolver and went up the ladder. It was already dark, and confusion reigned on deck. But through the clamor, Jim made out something near the truth; the Jeanne D'Arc was leaking badly, and no time was to be lost if she, with her passengers and crew, were to be saved.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rope Ladder.

The near prospect of a conclusive struggle for life is a sharp tonic to the adventurous soul. The actual final summons to that other room is met variously. There is earthly dignity, who answers even this last tap at the door with a fitting and quotable rejoinder; there is deathbed repentance, whose unction in momento moris is doubtless a comfort to pious relatives; and there are chivalry and va-

lor, twin youths who go to the unknown banquet singing and bearing their garlands of joy.

But with the chance of a fight for life, there is a sharp-sweet tang that sends some spirits galloping to the contest. "Dauntless the slughorn to his lips be set—" making ready for the last good run.

When Jim descended the hatchway after reconnoitering on deck, Chatelard was gone. The ship's cook was rummaging in a sailor's kit that he had drawn from a locker. Jim mentally considered the situation. The seamen had no doubt exaggerated the calamity, but without question there was serious trouble. Were the pumps working? How far were they from shore? If hopelessly distant from shore, were they in the course of passing steamers? Would any one look after Miss Redmond's safety? Monsieur Chatelard had said that she was not on board, but James did not believe it.

While these thoughts flew through his mind, James had been absent watching while the cook turned his treasures out upon his bunk, and pawed them over with trembling hands. There were innumerable little things besides a stiff white shirt, a cheap shiny Bible, a stuffed parrot, and several wads of clothes. And among the mess Jim caught sight of a piece of stitched canvas that looked familiar.

"Hi, you there! That's my money-belt!" he cried, and jumped forward to claim his own. But in his movement he failed to calculate with the waves. The yacht gave another of her deep-sea plunges, and Jimmy, thrown against his bunk, saw the cook grab his kit and make for the ladder. He regained his feet only in time to follow at arm's length up the hatchway. At the top he threw himself down, like a baseball runner making his base, after the seaman's legs; but instead of a foot, he found himself clutching one of the weeds of clothes that trailed after the cook's bundle. He caught it firmly and kept it, but the ship's cook and the rest of his booty disappeared like a rabbit into its burrow.

Jim sat down at the top of the ladder and examined his haul. It was a pair of woolen trousers, and they were of generous size. He spread them out on the deck. Round him were unmistakable signs of demoralization. The second officer was ordering the men to the pumps in stern tones; the yacht was pitching wildly and growing darkness was settling on the face of the turbulent waters. But in spite of it all, Jimmy's spirit leaped forth in laughter as he thought of his brief, frantic chase, and its results in this capture of the characteristic vestiture of man.

"What's money for, anyway!" he laughed, as he got up and clothed himself once more.

There followed hours of superhuman struggle to save the Jeanne D'Arc. Her crew, sufficient in ordinary weather, was too small to cope with the storm and the leaking ship. Ballast had to be shifted or flung overboard. Repairs had to be worked incessantly. It transpired that the yacht had gone far out of her course during the fog the night before, and had tried to turn inshore, even before the leak was discovered. No one knew what waters they were that lashed so furiously about the disabled craft. The storm overhead had abated, but the rage of the sea was unquenched. Before long the engine was stopped by the rising water, and then the hand pumps were used. There was some hope that the leak had been discovered and at least partly repaired. The captain thought that, if carefully managed, the yacht might hold till daylight.

Jimmy joined the gang and worked like a trojan, helping wherever a man was needed, shifting ballast, untying the boats, handling the pump. It was at the pump that he found himself some time during the night, working endlessly, it seemed. Not once had he lost sight of the real purpose of his presence on the yacht. If Agatha Redmond were aboard the unlucky vessel

Continued on page 7

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Cloverport Churches

Baptist Church

Baptist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. C. E. Lightfoot, Superintendent. Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Baptist Aid Society meets Monday after Second Sunday every month. Mrs. A. B. Skillman, President. Praying every Sunday at 11:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Rev. E. O. Cottrell, Pastor. Choir practice every Wednesday night after prayer meeting.

Methodist Church

Methodist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Ira D. Behen, Superintendent. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. H. Walker, Pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Epworth League, regular service Sunday 4:45 p. m.; business meeting first Tuesday night each month. Miss Margaret Hurn, President. Ladies' Aid Society meets first Monday each month. Mrs. Rowest Lightfoot, President. Ladies' Missionary Society meets Second Sunday in every month. Mrs. Virgil Rabbage, President. Choir practice Friday night 7:30 a. m. H. Murray, Director.

Presbyterian Church

Presbyterian Sunday School 9:45 a. m.—Conrad Sippel, Superintendent. Preaching every Third Sunday. Rev. Adair, Minister. Prayer meeting Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets Wednesday after Third Sunday every month. Mrs. Chas. Satterfield, President.

Catholic Church

First Sunday of each month, Mass, Sermon, and Benediction, 9:00 a. m., other three Sundays at 10:15 a. m. On week days Mass at 7:10 a. m. Catechetical instruction for the children on Saturdays at 8:30 a. m., and on Sundays at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

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ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME!

Notice to Those Who Write

For The Breckenridge News

Persons who send articles to the Breckenridge News, kindly take pains to make them plain and on paper of reasonable size. Wrapping paper is not convenient to handle on a type case or desk. Always sign name,

THE STOLEN SINGER

Continued from page 6

—and he had moments of curious perplexity about it—he was there to watch for her safety. He pictured her sitting somewhere in the endangered vessel. She could not but be terrified at her predicament. Whether shipwreck or abduction threatened her, she must feel that she had indeed fallen into the hands of her enemies. He worked his turn at the pump, then made up his mind to risk no further delay, but to search the ship's cabins. She was in one of them, he believed; frightened she must be, possibly ill. He had done all that the furthest stretch of duty could demand in assistance to the ship. He would find Agatha Redmond at any cost, if she were aboard the Jeanne D'Arc. Again he thought to himself that he was glad he was there. Whatever purpose her enemies had, he alone was on her side, he alone could do something to save her.

It was now long past midnight, but not pitch dark either on deck or on the sea. The electric lights had gone out long before, but lanterns had been swung here and there from the deck fixtures. As Jimmy came up, he thought the men were preparing to lower the boats, but when he asked about it in his difficult French, the sailor shook his head. There were more people about than he supposed the yacht carried; several seamen, three or four other men, and a fat woman sitting apathetically on a pile of rope. He went from group to group, and from end to end of the yacht, looking for one woman's face and figure. He saw Monsieur Chatelard, examining one of the boats. He ran down the saloon stairway, determined to search the cabins before he gave up his quest. One moment he prayed that the words of Chatelard might be true, and that she had never been aboard the yacht; the next moment he prayed he might find her behind the next closed door.

As James searched below deck, a house palatial disclosed itself, even in the dim light of the little lanterns. Cabins roomy and comfortable, furnishings of exquisite taste, all the paraphernalia of the cultured and the rich were there. Some of the cabin doors were standing open, and none was locked. Jimmy beat on them, called from room to room, finding nothing. Every human occupant was gone. Sick at heart, he again rushed on deck. Was he mistaken after all? Or had they hidden her in some secret part of the ship where he could not find her?

When Jimmy got back to the deck he saw that the groups had gathered on the port side. Sharp orders were being given. He crowded to the railing, straining his eyes to see, and found that they were transferring the ship's company to the boats. A rope ladder swung from the deck to a boat beneath, which bobbed like a cork beside the big, plunging yacht. Two people were in the boat, a sailor standing at the bow, and a large muffled figure of a woman sitting in the stern. Jimmy at once knew her to be the apathetic fat woman he had seen a few minutes before on deck. His eye searched the company crowded about the top of the rope ladder, and suddenly his heart leaped. There she was, at the edge of the deck, waiting for the captain to give the word for her to descend to the boat below. As Jimmy's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw her more and more plainly, a pale face framed in a dark hood, a tall, cloaked figure waiting calmly to obey the word from the superior officer.

It was the third time Jimmy had seen her, but he felt as if he had found one dearer than himself. His eyes dwelt on her. She was not terrified; her nerves were not shaken. "I am ready," she said, turning to the captain. It was the same free, free voice

suggesting—Oh, what did it not suggest! Never this dark, wild night of danger! Jimmy thrilled to it again as he had thrilled to it once before. He waved jubilant hands. "Agatha Redmond!" he called, across the space and heads that divided them.

Whether she heard his call he did not know. At that moment the word was given, and she turned an almost smiling face to the captain in reply. She knelt to the deck and got footing on the slippery rope. Men above held it and helped as best they could, while the sailor below waited to receive her into the life boat. She was steady and quick as a woman in such a perilous position could be. As she descended, the rowboat, insecurely held to the Jeanne D'Arc, slid sternward a few feet; and while she waited in midair for the boat to be brought up again, the Jeanne D'Arc gave a mighty plunge. The captain shouted from the deck, a sailor yelled, then another; the dipping sea tossed the yacht so that for an instant the boat below and the woman on the ladder were hidden from Jim's view. He climbed over the rail and edged along the narrow margin of the deck until he was a few feet nearer the rope, his heart thumping with fear of calamity.

And even as the thought came, the thing happened. The wrenching of the ropes, insecurity of their fastenings, some blunder on the part of the seamen—whatever it was, the rope loosened like a filament of gauze, and, with its precious burden, dropped into the angry water. Before a breath could be drawn, the black waves churned over her head.

As, for the second time, Jim saw disaster engulf the Vision that had such power over him, he was seized by a cold numbness.

"Oh, you brutes!" he groaned aloud; but his groan had scarcely escaped him when he heard loud altercation among the men, and in a moment, the usual tones of Monsieur Chatelard commanding:

"Never mind! Quick with the boat on the other side!"

The seamen rushed to the opposite side, now impatient to make the boats. In the fear that was growing momentarily upon the men, there was no one to give a thought to the vanished woman. Jimmy clung to the rail for a second, peering over the water. With a cry of gladness he saw her pale face rise to the surface of the water several feet away and toward the bow.

"Keep up a second! It's all right!" he shouted. Quick as thought he snatched a life preserver from its place on the rail, and ran forward.

He called thrice, "Keep up, I'm coming!" then threw the cork swiftly and accurately to the very spot where she floated. A second longer he watched, to see if she gained it. It seemed that she did, and yet something was wrong. She was not able to right herself immediately in the water, but floundered helplessly. Jimmy knew that her clothes were hampering her, or else that the rope ladder had entangled her feet.

He turned and got his balance on the narrow ledge, pointed his hands high above his head, and took a good breath. Then he dove toward the floating face. When he came to the surface she was there, not ten strokes away. He swam to her, placed firm hands under her arms, and steadied her while she cleared her feet from the entangling rope.

"Thank God!" he breathed. "I'll save you yet!"

Continued next week.

The Weak Point.

The most obstinate advertising prospect sometimes yields to an appeal to his pride in his business when it is made in a tactful manner. Such an appeal, however, cannot be made during the first call.



ADVERTISING ON TOMBSTONES

Tributes Paid to the Departed for Purposes of Gain for the Living.

There are some people who try to make money out of anything, as the inscriptions on some tombstones bear witness, says London Tit-Bits. Although tombstone epitaphs are frequently censored by the authorities, a good many have been passed that are more in the nature of puffs for the living than tributes to the dead.

The widow of a man who died some years ago arranged for the following inscription to be placed over the grave of her husband:

"Here lies ———, dear departed husband of ———, who now carries on his business of general outfitter, and always gives good value. Terms cash."

That is tombstone advertising with a vengeance, and it is not an isolated case. It has been recorded of a certain shop keeper that he had his grave dug and the tombstone placed above it some years before his death. The tombstone was nothing less than an advertisement of his business, for the inscription ran: "Here lies John Emerson, the best hatter in the state of Ohio." The tombstone, after raising some discussion, was eventually passed by the authorities.

A Canadian firm went one better even than this. The head of the firm in question died, and over his grave was inscribed on the tombstone: "Here lies Abraham Stokes, founder of the firm of Stokes & Company, who for many years have manufactured pickles and bottled fruits. Best of all and without rival."

The tombstone censors sometimes refuse permission for epitaphs of this description to be raised over the graves of the dead. The widow of a well-known patent medicine manufacturer, who wished to erect a tombstone bearing a detailed account of her late husband's discovery of the patent medicine in question, found that the authorities were obdurate in not allowing the inscription to appear. Finally she abandoned the idea of advertising the business and erected a more suitable memorial in which no mention was made of the commercial life of the dear departed.

WANTS SERVICE FOR MONEY

Man Who Pays Advertising Bills No Longer Fooled by Gross Figures on Circulation.

Advertisers who have so long submitted to being bilked and buncoed by the magazines are beginning to learn wisdom. In the months of June, 1912, nine magazines lost an aggregate of 22,735 lines, as compared with the same month in 1911. The loss in June 1911, followed a great loss in the same month in 1910, and there is reason to hope that by 1915 a good many of these fake publications will be put entirely out of business. The magazine of the present day is seldom read by intelligent people. It makes its appeal to the mediocre man—and even he is getting tired of it. There is just cheap literature enough in it to enable it to squirm through the mail, the object being to hold up a gullible advertising public at a minimum of expense.

The more alert advertisers are beginning to discriminate, and are not being fooled so much by gross figures of circulation, but are asking about the quality of circulation as well, and quality includes accessibility of readers to the advertiser or seller, and distribution in territory or territories that provide a good market for the advertiser's wares, under the circumstances then controlling his business. The advertising agent, the one placing the advertising, has been under temptation to select gross circulation as offering the least labor and investigation on his part; but the man behind the guns, who pays the bills, is beginning to exact from his representative, who spends his money, real service for the pay he receives.

Merchant Must Help Advertising. Newspaper advertising is a preliminary to the kind of advertising that is done after you get the people who respond inside your place of business. It is a very necessary and very valuable preliminary. Without it the number of people who come to your place of business would be very much less.

But you have got to help if you want to get one hundred per cent. results from your advertising. You have got to give the public just what your advertising leads the public to expect.

P. T. Barnum, so I am told, never made that famous statement which has been attributed to him: "The public loves to be humbugged." Barnum was too shrewd a student of human nature to think or practice anything like that.

The public loves to be served—that's what. And the merchant who serves his public honestly and well is doing the kind of advertising that leads to more business.—Jerome D. Fleischman in the Baltimore Sun.

PAPER BAG COOKING

Great System Perfected by M. Soyer, Famous London Chef.

MUST FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. "Be sure you are right—then go ahead," said Davy Crockett, the backwoods sage. The saying has no more pertinent application than to the wonder-working of paper bags cookery. Being sure you are right, you can go ahead to admiration. If you are right, you will have none but good words for the process. Otherwise—other words.

Paper bag cookery saves trouble, expense, and time, makes better returns in flavor and substance, and is a sworn foe to dyspepsia. Hence, it is a dispenser of sweetness and light. Whatever helps the great mass to easier and better living is a distinct gain for humanity. Any woman of average intelligence can learn in half an hour, if she pays attention, the essential rudiments of using this system. After that, use will teach the fine points far better than any lecturer or demonstrator could do it.

But it will not do to half-hear or half-remember. If you are a novice, or even a prospective paper bag cook, read over and over the paper bag commandments before beginning—and read them again the next day, and the next, and still the next. They are not perfunctory but vital. Also, in following out recipes given, stick to your text.

Baked Apple Sauce.—Peel and core six firm apples of good flavor, tart rather than sweet. Stick three cloves in each and put bits of mace and cinnamon in the core-spaces. Put them in well-buttered bag with two heaping cups of sugar and half a tumbler of water. Cook thirty minutes. Have the oven very hot at first, but slack heat after seven minutes. Lemon juice instead of water makes a richer-flavored sauce. In that case add half a cup more sugar at the outset.

Apple Pudding.—Beat three fresh eggs very light, add two cups sugar, half a cup creamed butter, the strained juice of a lemon, and the grated yellow peel, a very little salt, half a teaspoonful of powdered cornstarch, a pint of raw grated apple and half a pint of rich milk. Beat hard for several minutes, then pour into a well-buttered bag and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven. Leave room for the pudding to rise in sealing the bag. Cook on a trivet set upon the grid-steel. Serve with hard sauce or wine sauce as preferred. This if eaten hot. If eaten cold, whipped cream is the thing for it.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—Make a batter as for apple pudding. Use a cup more sugar, else only half a pint of grated raw sweet potato. Sweet potatoes take as much sugar as crab apples to make them taste sweet. The creamier the milk the better—unless it is creamy increase the proportion of butter. Cook in a well-buttered bag—fifty minutes will not be too long for it. Make a peep-hole in the upper bag—unless the pudding is browned and firm, cook it a while longer.

Banana Pudding.—Beat three eggs light, saving out one white. Add a generous cup of sugar, a cup of stale cake, crumbled fine, half a cup of creamed butter, a cup of milk, beat all together, then add two large or three small bananas, sliced thin, the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in a very well-buttered bag for thirty minutes. Take out, cover with meringue, strew a little shredded candied peel over the meringue, set in the oven to harden, then serve hot with wine or lemon sauce.

GOOD THINGS IF CHEAP.

By Nicolas Soyer, Chef of Brooks' Club, London.

Fillet of Beef a la Mirande.—Take a pound and a half of rump steak and cut it into neat slices, about an eighth of an inch thick and two and a half inches long and broad. Dust each of these lightly with black pepper; melt an ounce of butter and skim it free from froth, and add to it as much finely minced garlic as will lie on the point of a very small knife. Lay the fillets in this and let them steep for an hour, turning frequently (the dish must stand in a warm place, or the butter will set). Then take out, put in a well-buttered bag, and place on broler in the oven, leaving it to cook for half an hour. Meanwhile knead an ounce of flour with an ounce of butter, add to it by degrees a pint of strong well-flavored stock, place in a clean saucepan, and stir all one way until it is the consistency of cream; then add half a pound of previously cooked mushrooms, the juice of half a lemon, freed from seeds, a teaspoonful of China soy, and two drops anchovy essence. Make very hot. Pile the mushrooms in the middle of a hot dish, arrange the fillets around it and garnish with a wall of mashed potato. Serve at once.

Irish Stew.—Cut up two or three pounds of mutton in the ordinary way. Leave very little fat. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add six large onions, peeled and finely chopped, and two pounds of peeled and thinly sliced potatoes and a bunch of sweet herbs. Place in bag and add half a tumbler of cold water. Place on broler in hot oven. Allow forty minutes. (Copyright, 1911, by Sturgis & Walton Company.)

A FARM CHEAP AND WHY IT IS CHEAP!

FIRST—Because it is a good farm, fertile land, lays well, slightly rolling, does not wash; nearly every acre is tillable; it has southern exposure; it will produce crops from two to four weeks earlier than land lying on northern hill side.

SECOND—It is in the garden spot of Breckinridge county; land on all sides sells from \$35 to \$40 an acre.

THIRD—It is near the railroad.

FOURTH—It grows wheat, corn, tobacco oats, cow peas clover, all kinds of grass.

FIFTH—It contains 300 acres and is cheap. It will produce in one year, if rightly farmed, nearly half its cost. Labor plentiful and cheap. Write

JNO. D. BABBAGE

Cloverport, Ky.

\$4,200—Price—\$4,200

Buy Land and Make Money

Your easiest way to make money is to buy land in Breckinridge county. Western land has had its day. Old Kentucky is the ideal spot in all this country for climate, for good crops, for good living, for good people, and good, long life. Breckinridge county has better and cheaper facilities for reaching the markets—two railroads and the Ohio river. The people are prosperous and land is cheap. Now is your time to buy. Land has advanced from 25 to 50, per cent in the last ten years. In another ten years, land will leap another 50 per cent. Get in now while the start is cheap.

Clip out this entire advertisement, check the numbers that interest you, write your name and address and we will keep you in touch with our bargains.

Wanted—Small Farms

We have a number of inquiries for small farms from 50 to 100 acres, improved. If you have a small farm well improved, good level land, list it with us and we will do the rest.

No. 1. A Fine Home Farm

168 Acres. 3 miles from Irvington, on rural route. Good frame dwelling; 3 rooms and veranda; good barn 30x50; 3-room tenant house; 15 acres under plow; 100 acres grass; 25 acres in timber; well watered, cistern and ponds. 35 to 40 bushels corn and 1200 pounds tobacco to acre. Good clover land lays way to level location. Ideal and in one of the best neighborhoods in the county. Price \$1,200; 1/4 cash. Terms on balance.

No. 2 306 acres 3 miles from railroad, near sample; one mile from schoolhouse.

No. 3 Good Stock Farm. 155 acres; well improved dwelling; stock barn. Grows wheat, tobacco, corn, clover, and grass. 14 miles from Irvington, on rural route. This land is a little rolling but does not wash. Price right.—Jno. D. Babbage, Cloverport, Ky.

No. 4 Beautifully located one mile from a live town, 100 acres practically all level land, unimproved; good fence. Ideal spot for dairy farm. Price reasonable. Write Jno. D. Babbage, Cloverport, Ky.

No. 5 128 acres located near Dukes, Harbison county; 120 acres under plow 75 acres timber; well watered; plenty of fruit; 6-room dwelling; barn 40x50; 40 acres level, rest rolling. Good land for tobacco, corn, wheat and clover. It is a bargain at \$1,800, \$500 cash, balance easy payments.

No. 6 125 acres 1 mile South of Rockvale, good level land, 4 room dwelling, tenant house and necessary outbuildings, school house and church in 300 yards. Price \$1,600 cash.

No. 7 74 acres, 3 miles from Kirk, dwelling 1 1/2 story 6 rooms and porch, good well, small tenant house, good barn and stable, good orchard.

No. 8 Two tracts—100 acres in one and 124 acres in the other; 124 acres located 3 miles from Harbison; 100 acres 3 miles from Harbison; 1/4 mile of Kingswood college.

No. 9 150 acres; located on Henderson Route, 1 mile east of Lodi; 70 acres in pasture, 50 in timber; five-room dwelling; good barn and out-buildings; well watered; lime-stone land. Price \$1,600.

\$3,300 140 acres, 2 miles from Guston, 3 miles from Irvington; well watered; lays well; good young orchard; good timber; on rural route; school house yards from house; improvements; good four room dwelling with kitchen on back porch; two good barns; barn and tenant house and cistern-back in the field; meat and hen house; wood shed; will sell on easy payments; plenty of small fruit. Further particulars address Jno. D. Babbage, Cloverport, Ky.

No. 10 150 Acres, two miles from Harbisonburg; 7-room dwelling; 2 barns 36x48 and 48x60; 2 tenant houses; good level land—grows corn, tobacco, wheat and grass. Price \$3,750. Land near this sold recently for \$40 the acre.

No. 11 122 acres, good and level land, good barn; all land cleared, well located; 3 miles from Irvington. Price \$3,300.

No. 12 250 acres lying in a valley; 5 room dwelling and hall; 2 tenant houses, large tobacco barn; 2 1/2 miles South of Kirk, 1/4 mile from school, well watered, 2 springs near barn; on Rural Route.

No. 13 175 acres 1 mile East of Stone, Dean; good, strong lime stone soil, watered by wells and springs, on good county road, near good school and churches. New tobacco barn cost \$1,200, 3 stock barns; good tenant houses, fine clover and grass land. Price \$6,100.

No. 14 135 acres located 1 mile north of McQuady. Price \$2,000, 1/4 cash, balance in yearly payments.

No. 15 230 acres 4 1/2 miles from Harbisonburg, county seat; well improved; one of the best farms in the county. Price \$4,000.

No. 16 50 Acres near Buras. Dwelling, barn 20x30; log stable. 20 acres level, rest rolling; soil sandy loam underlaid with clay; well watered. Price \$600.

No. 17 90 acres well improved land, one mile from McQuady; all level, good shape. Excellent neighborhood. Pipe tobacco and corn land; well watered. Price \$2,500.

No. 18 226 Acres, one mile from Harbisonburg, well improved; plenty of good water; 2 stock barns 50x60 and 36x48. Two story dwelling, and tenant house. Price \$4,750.

No. 19 Farm of 175 acres, 1 1/2 miles from Cloverport on Star Route; 14 acres under plow; good water; 7 room dwelling; two good barns for tobacco and stock. This is a bargain. Write Jno. D. Babbage for further particulars.

\$2,000 For 160 acres four miles west of Glendene, 3 miles from Harbison; all fresh land; 100 acres in cultivation; 50 acres in grass; will produce the best corn, wheat and tobacco in neighborhood; plenty lasting water, well as door of dwelling; log dwelling, 2 rooms and side room; good stable; 3 tobacco barns; 3 tenant houses. Plenty of good timber for farm purposes; good land to clear. Price \$2,000 1/4 cash.

For Sale

15 H. P.

F. M. WATKINS GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE

This engine is in good condition; has been run about 4 years and is a bargain to anyone needing a stationary engine. Has all necessary pipes, gasoline tank which holds about 30 gallons; has detachable gasoline pump and a natural gas attachment. Reason for selling—entirely too large for my purpose. For further information call on or address

Jno. D. Babbage :: Cloverport, Ky.

Cumberland Telephone No. 46.

Women loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters is splendid for purifying the blood, clearing the skin, restoring sound digestion. All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.00.—Advertisement.

MONEY IN TRAPPING.
We tell you how and pay best prices. Write for weekly price list and references.
M. SABEL & SONS
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in Furs, Hides, Wool
Established 1896.

Are You A Woman? TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

EL 1

BAPTIST LAYMEN

WILL HOLD GREAT CONVENTION
IN CHATTANOOGA, FEBRUARY
4, 5 AND 6, 1913.

Representatives of 2,500,000 Southern
Baptists to Hold First Great Mission
Convention in South.

Anticipating an epoch-making period of three days, praying for success in so great an undertaking, happy with the outlook, Baptist laymen all over the south, representing a brotherhood of 2,500,000 in one of the most favored sections under the sun, are preparing to move on to Chattanooga, Tenn., for the great convention to be held in that city February 4, 5 and 6, 1913, in the 4,500 capacity auditorium that has already been engaged and will be specially fitted up with all conveniences for the occasion.

Ready to Welcome Visitors.

Chattanooga stands ready to welcome the visitors and the denomination is expectant. From all over the territory embraced by the Southern Baptist convention the hosts will journey to the East Tennessee metropolis, to be present on the dates mentioned in order that they may join in what bids fair to be not only the greatest religious gathering of the winter, but



City Auditorium at Chattanooga, Tenn.

one of the greatest in history. The promoters of the plans for the convention anticipate an attendance of 2,000 laymen and 1,000 ministers and they see no reason, realizing the strength of the Southern Baptist constituency, why there should not be 3,000 delegates present in all, to join in so great an occasion.

Chattanooga Baptists pursued an aggressive policy to secure this convention, which will be the first of its kind ever held by Southern Baptists. No efforts were spared in the campaign to secure it. Not only the Baptists but also representatives of other Christian bodies, as well as civic officials, joined in the effort. For days the meeting place of the convention was undecided upon, as other cities offered such flattering inducements, but finally the word was given out that Chattanooga had been selected and immediately all concerned got busy making preliminary preparations.

The president of the Southern Baptist laymen's movement is Dr. J. Harry Tyler, of Baltimore, Md., and the secretary is Dr. J. T. Henderson, of Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia. Both of these gentlemen visited Chattanooga and other contesting cities, and at Chattanooga, the place finally selected, they were guests of the Baptist pastors' conference, while they were looked out after by the wide-awake manager of the Hotel Patten, one of the largest in the south, Houston R. Harper, a Baptist, who was active in the campaign for the securing of the convention for Chattanooga.

After Chattanooga had been chosen,

then there began an active campaign throughout the south to organize the lay forces and impress upon them the importance of the convention and what it will mean to the denomination.

An Ideal Location for a Convention.

No better place than Chattanooga could have been chosen for the convention. When the Presbyterian laymen held their convention in that city last winter there was general gratification expressed that Chattanooga had been chosen. The convention was a success from every standpoint and many of the delegates expressed a desire to return at some future date for a similar occasion, stating that they hoped Chattanooga would again be chosen as the meeting place for the laymen of their denomination.

A systematic canvass of the whole south is being made. Interest is now at a high pitch. Dr. Henderson, during the convention season among the states, visited practically all the state conventions of the south and was assured of hearty co-operation on the part of those with whom he came into contact. The conventions he did not visit were visited by other prominent Baptists with the same results.

The fact that the convention will be the first of its kind ever held by the Baptists gives importance to it. Keen interest is manifested as to the outcome.

Delegates Are Organizing.

In many southern centers the laymen have organized and the pastors have pledged their hearty co-operation toward securing large delegations to go to Chattanooga. During the day and night preceding the opening of the convention there will roll into Chattanooga special trains from all parts of the south and special cars bearing delegates. For the time being Chattanooga will be the mecca of all Southern Baptists and those who can not attend the convention will be much in prayer as to its success.

When Chattanooga entertained the Southern Methodist laymen, success was the result, and as soon as it was announced that the Southern Baptist laymen anticipated holding a similar convention there, immediately the hearts and the pocketbooks of public-spirited citizens were opened and the word, "Come" was passed out.

Chattanooga is the headquarters for preparation activities. A complete list of committees has been named and the secretary of the combined forces is the Rev. E. E. George, Superintendent of Baptist Missions in Chattanooga, who so successfully executed his duties as executive secretary of the Men and Religion Forward Movement campaign there.

The convention will be characterized by addresses by some of the most notable Baptists in the country.

It is vital to the success of the convention that Baptists all over the south do their part toward creating an ever-increasing interest that will culminate in a large attendance. All pastors and active laymen are urged to lay upon the hearts of their associates in church life the importance of the convention.

It is felt that if every Baptist will do his duty success is certain.

Gen. Ballington Booth, the well-known head of the Volunteers of America, while in Chattanooga recently, expressed it as his opinion that the Baptists were the most progressive denomination in America to-day. That spirit will be put to the test. Will it stand?

OBJECT OF CONVENTION

The object of the convention is to educate and inspire Baptist laymen for larger service in God's Kingdom. No collections. A registration fee of \$1.00 will be charged all delegates and should be sent at once that reservations can be made. The fee goes to defray the necessary expense of the convention. All the interests of the denomination shall receive attention.

POINTS FOR CHICKEN RAISERS

Evidently Written by One Who Has
No Particular Liking for the
Humble "Biddy."

Chickens are the most dad-busted, uncertainest creatures that walk the family acre. Not the kind of chickens this lady who is wearing O. Henry's kimono—beg pardon, mantle—writes about, but our old, familiar, feathered friends.

Never raised any? Well, you will, all right. Most universal pursuit in this whole wide world, outside of paying bills. Merchant, banker, broker, farmer, city man, commuter—almost everybody tries to raise chickens at some time or another. Looks easy—that's the deceiving part of it.

And it is easy, after you learn one thing: Little chickens don't know anything, medium-sized chickens don't know anything, big chickens don't know anything. If there is any change of an intellectual nature as the size increases, the big ones know less, if possible, than the little ones.

If there is a wire partition in your pen, with an open door at one end, the chickens will try to plunge through the wire instead of going round and walking through the door. In the course of time, when the birds get heavy, they will hang themselves trying to do this if you don't watch them.

Hen chickens are more valuable than roosters, because they can lay eggs if they will. But if you take a dozen small chickens and raise them carefully, it is always surprising how many of them turn out to be roosters. Sometimes they will sprout tail feathers at the very last minute, just when you are thinking they ought to be ready to lay eggs. At this time you must get busy with the barnyard guillotine, or ax, as it is familiarly called.—Puck.

SHALL ENGLISH GIVE THANKS

Some Favor Suspending the Regular
Service on This Occasion Be-
cause of No Harvest.

The discussion which is taking place just now as to the propriety of holding harvest thanksgiving services in our churches well illustrates the bewilderment which prevails among educated churchmen struggling to reconcile their more enlightened view of Nature with ecclesiastical traditions.

Some are disposed to hold that a display of public gratitude for benefits so clearly withheld would savor of ineptitude. What earnestness or spiritual worth, they ask, can attend so indiscriminate a thanksgiving? If you ask and do not receive, ought you to be as thankful for benefits withheld as for benefits bestowed?

Theology apart, common sense revolts against a ceremonial which in so literal a sense goes against the grain. Some protest against the empty falsehood of a service wherein is sung the hymn beginning "When all is safely gathered in." How can farmers, crossing their blackened fields to enter a gayly decorated church, be expected to join in a chorus of gratitude?—London Nation.

One on Father.

Brightness personified is little Johnny Pule. Certain friends of the family consider him rather precocious—but that's quite another story. At any rate, he is the pride of his father's heart, and Pule, Sr., invariably refers to the youngster as a "regular chip from the old block."

The other night little Johnny looked up from his stool by the fireside, and ejaculated the query:

"I'm a chip from the old block, ain't I, father?"

"Yes, my son, indeed you are," came the proud reply.

"And, pa, you're the head of the family, ain't you?" asked the simple little lad.

"I am," replied Pule.

"Then," chuckled Johnny triumphantly, "you must be a blockhead!" But we will draw a kindly veil over what followed.

Good Fellowship.

Good fellowship is as old as man. It is one of the elemental things—rooted in man with good and evil, love and hate. Its temples are wherever good men get together; its shrines and sanctuaries the hearts of men. More than the impetuous comradeship of youth, it is the settled faith of men in men. Passing all boundaries of nation, creed or calling, it asks only the open heart, the honest purpose, the cheerful countenance. Its password is the kindling eye, its pledge the hearty hand—its finest messages are unspoken. It is the golden age made manifest. Rites, religions, men and measures pass—good fellowship remains; for it is eternal love of life, eternal faith, eternal charity and cheer.—James Edward Kehler.

Revelation.

The hero of this story is a famous dramatic author. The plays he has written have electrified thousands upon thousands of people, and he has mastered the art of making men and women laugh or cry at his own sweet will.

On one occasion a friend of his found him at his desk working on a new drama.

"So you are writing a new play?" asked the friend.

In reply the author confessed his sin.

"No," he said. "I am just remembering one from all those I have seen produced. It's easier."—Popular Magazine.

THE OLD RELIABLE

BRECKINRIDGE BANK

Cloverport, Ky.

Organized 1872

U. S. DEPOSITORY FOR POSTAL SAVINGS FUNDS

SOLID AS A ROCK FOR 40 YEARS

An Absolutely Safe Place to do Business

3 Per Cent on Time Deposits

NO LEGAL VERBIAGE THERE

Mary Newhard of Allentown, Pa.,
Wrote Will in Her Own Homely
Way, and It Stands.

E. W. German, register of wills of Lehigh county, admitted to probate the most remarkable will offered here in a century. It was written by Mary Newhard of Laurays, who left several hundred dollars in personal property. It reads:

"I guess it is about time I want my things fixed after I am gone, because I have nobody to depend on except my sisters. I hope they see to things and do it in the way I want it done. It is a great task, but it cannot be fixed otherwise. They always helped me along. I want them to divide my clothes among them, because I have no children, so they are nearest. I have a good lot of things that have to be sold for expenses and then I guess it will reach to bury me decently.

"Such things as my big copper kettle and tubs, washing machine, sewing machine, watch, bedroom suit, bureau, chest, trunk, walters (two nice ones), casters and other articles are to be sold. There is also a stovepipe in the garret belonging to the parlor stove, a dozen sauce dishes I believe they don't need and a white gravy bowl I paid a quarter for, and two big glass stands, which are to be sold.

"His bedstead, which lays in the garret, I paid a dollar to get it stained and varnished. He can keep that for Mary if he wants to keep her, and my new dough trough I also want sold. I owe a little at Labach's and I want that paid if there is any money left. I can't do it in my lifetime any more. Yours in hope."—Allentown (Pa.) Register.

WHY CALLED "BLACK MARIA"

Boston Negress of Colonial Times Re-
sponsible for Designation of
Police Patrol Wagon.

A terror to evildoers was the real original Black Maria, and quite as useful in helping to keep the peace as the black maria of today. Black Maria lived in Boston and in Colonial times. She was a gigantic negress, named Marie Lee, and she was mistress of a sailors' boarding house down near the wharves.

Sailors came to her from all over the world. They were often a wild, rough set, but they never gave Maria any trouble, for her huge size was well balanced by her prodigious strength. It is told that she once brought three drunken sailors at once to the lockup when they had grown too obstreperous to be kept longer in the house.

The fame of Maria's strength grew, so that she became of great assistance to the authorities, for when men got to be violent or quarrelsome Black Maria was sent for and soon reduced the unruly to obedience. In time her reputation spread all over Boston, and the lawless element grew so afraid of her that often the threat of sending for Black Maria was enough to quell the worst cases of insubordination.

Few people know of Black Maria Lee as the boarding house keeper of Colonial days, but she handed her name down as a menace to the vicious of future generations, in the modern jail wagon. To "send for the black maria" is as much of a threat now as it was in Maria Lee's time.

How They Managed.

Expensively shod and gowned, hatted in wide-brimmed, costly creations from which depended closely enveloping, intricately fastened veils, they sat on a cross seat on the "L" train. One held an open box of alluring chocolates in her daintily gloved hand. "Will they extricate their lips from their inextricably fastened veils to partake of them or are the sweets to form for the present merely a visual feast?" wondered the spectator.

"Have one, Sade," the holder of the chocolates said to her companion. And Sade consented.

"Now," thought the spectator, "all will be revealed!" And so it was. Sade and her companion simultaneously lifted the lumps of sweetness to their expectant lips and sucked and nibbled happily—through their veils!

Waterproof Seven-League Boots.

Here is the great and only way Jack greased his seven league boots and waterproofed and snowproofed them. Melt in an earthen crock, over a very slow, gentle fire, half a pint of linseed oil (good, raw oil), one ounce of beeswax, or paraffin, half an ounce of rosin and one ounce of oil of turpentine. If new boots or shoes are soaked and well rubbed with this warm, greasy mixture, then left to bang in a warm place for a week or

HUGS AND KISSES POLICEMAN

With Appellation, "Oh, You Big Bear
With the Brass Buttons," Gotham
Woman Is Jailed.

New York.—A new form of torture for policemen, more sinister than graft investigations, more painful than winter wind whipping around a fixed post, and possessed of possibilities as deadly as the burglar's bullet, was put to the test on placid Washington court by a red-faced young policeman.

Facing the victim—Policeman Gelger of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station—as he told Magistrate House about it, was a handsome dark-haired woman who frequently blushed and murmured "Impossible! Oh, I couldn't have done that!"

"Yes, your honor, she kissed me," stammered Gelger. "Right out in the middle of Amsterdam avenue, at One Hundred and Fortieth street she kissed me, and there's nothing in the manual that says part of a policeman's duty is being kissed by strangers."

"Couldn't you have escaped if you didn't like it?" asked the court.

"I was on fixed post," your honor, groaned the youthful guardian of the peace.

"Oh," said his honor, "that's devotion to duty!"

"Yes, sir; it was like this: I was standing there all alone about 1:30, wondering where all the people were. Suddenly some one grabs me from behind and two strong arms are wrapped around my neck. The first thing I thought of, of course, was 'gangsters!' It seemed whoever it was was trying to garrote me, and I started to fight for my life.

"But I couldn't shake off those powerful arms. The best I could do was to squirm around so that I faced the—the—the assailant. And, your honor, it was this lady.

"Oh, honey, dear!" she says.

"What do you mean by using such language to me?" I asks her.

"Oh, you sweetheart!" she goes on, paying no attention to my protests. "Oh, you big bear with the brass buttons!"

"Then she kisses me, and that's not the worst of it, for by this time a big crowd had collected and women were yelling and men shouting: 'You brute, release that woman!' I pleaded with her to go home, but she wouldn't do anything but stay right there and kiss me. Then the man on the beat came around and rescued me. So I arrested her for—well, I couldn't think of anything to call it but extreme disorderly conduct."

Mrs. Margaret Hoeffelt, who said she was thirty and lived at 1071 Freeman street, the Bronx, smiled sweetly but incredulously as she paid a \$10 fine. She said Gelger looked like a truthful young officer and she wouldn't dispute his word, though she didn't remember a thing about it.

SHE PULLED THIEF'S LEG

As He Came Out From Under Bed
Woman Fainted—Discovers
Her Loss Later.

New York.—When Mrs. Etta Demond of Somers, in Westchester county, saw a leg projecting from under a bed in her home she thought her husband was playing a joke on her and gave it a pull. It proved to be the leg of a thief, who so terrified her when he crawled out from his hiding place that she fainted and fell to the floor.

She came to her senses quickly, but the thief had gone, presumably through the window, as some jewelry he had dropped in his haste to get away was found under the window. He kept only a few trinkets.

STEPHENSPORE NEWS

Baptist Church Ladies Enter-
tained—Mr. Aron Miller Dead.
Many Social And Church
Notes.

E. A. Kissam, of West Va., spent the holidays with his family.

Mr. Emery French who has been very ill with pneumonia, we are glad to know is improving.

Rev. J. F. Winchell was in town Friday.

Miss Abby Whittinghill and Mr. Harry Seaton, of New Bethel, were the guests of Miss Esther Payne Christmas eve.

The Ladies Missionary Society of the Baptist church was beautifully entertained at the home of Mrs. Sallie Bennett Friday afternoon, Dec. 27. After the business of the society was finished delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. Willie Dutschke has purchased the Aron Miller property, consideration \$400. He will take possession at once.

Mrs. R. A. Shellman is proud of a handsome fern in her home, it is the result of much attention which Mrs. Shellman is very capable of giving. The admiration aroused by its quality and size is great. Mrs. Shellman while talking to the correspondent recently, said it would take \$10 to purchase it.

Sallie Hiner and Hiner Best, of Louisville, attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Aron Miller.

Mrs. Dr. Greene (nee Maude Brinsley) who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lucretia Brinsley, left Monday for Beverly, Kansas.

Little Elsie McKaughan, of Cloverport, is visiting her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McKaughan.

Jerry Lennon, of Hardinsburg, is visiting his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith.

W. A. Hall, of Arlington, Neb., visited his aunt, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Friday and Saturday.

Misses Dora and Ada Waggoner, of Hites Run, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith a few days last week and returned home Monday.

The Christmas tree at the Christian church Tuesday night caused a joyous evening for the children. The tree was laden to the very top with candy, fruits, dolls and other toys. Mrs. Dr. Shively and Mrs. Eugene Connor deserve praise for their untiring efforts. The evening was certainly a happy one for the children.

Sunday was a day of many blessings at the Baptist church. A Christmas treat was given to the Sunday school by our worthy superintendent, Mr. R. A. Shellman. Our Sunday school is increasing since graded, class work is good and order fine. The Sunday school presented the organist, Miss Esther Payne, with a handsome Bible.

Mrs. George Driskell and children returned from Louisville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McKaughan and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McKaughan Tuesday.

Mrs. S. H. Dix, Mrs. G. W. Payne and son, Gordon Payne, were in Louisville a few days last week shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Ferry and son, of Louisville, attended the burial of Mr. Aron Miller.

Mrs. L. D. Fox is ill at this writing.

Miss Lelah Belle Hawkins, of Che-nault, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hawkins, a few days last week and returned Sunday by boat, accompanied by Nannie Lee and G. B. Gardner.

Mrs. Perry Kemp is ill with lagrippe.

Buhrman Dowell has returned from Mystic where he has been working as telegraph operator.

Mrs. G. W. Payne visited her mother, Mrs. Nancy Dowell at Union Star Wednesday and Thursday.

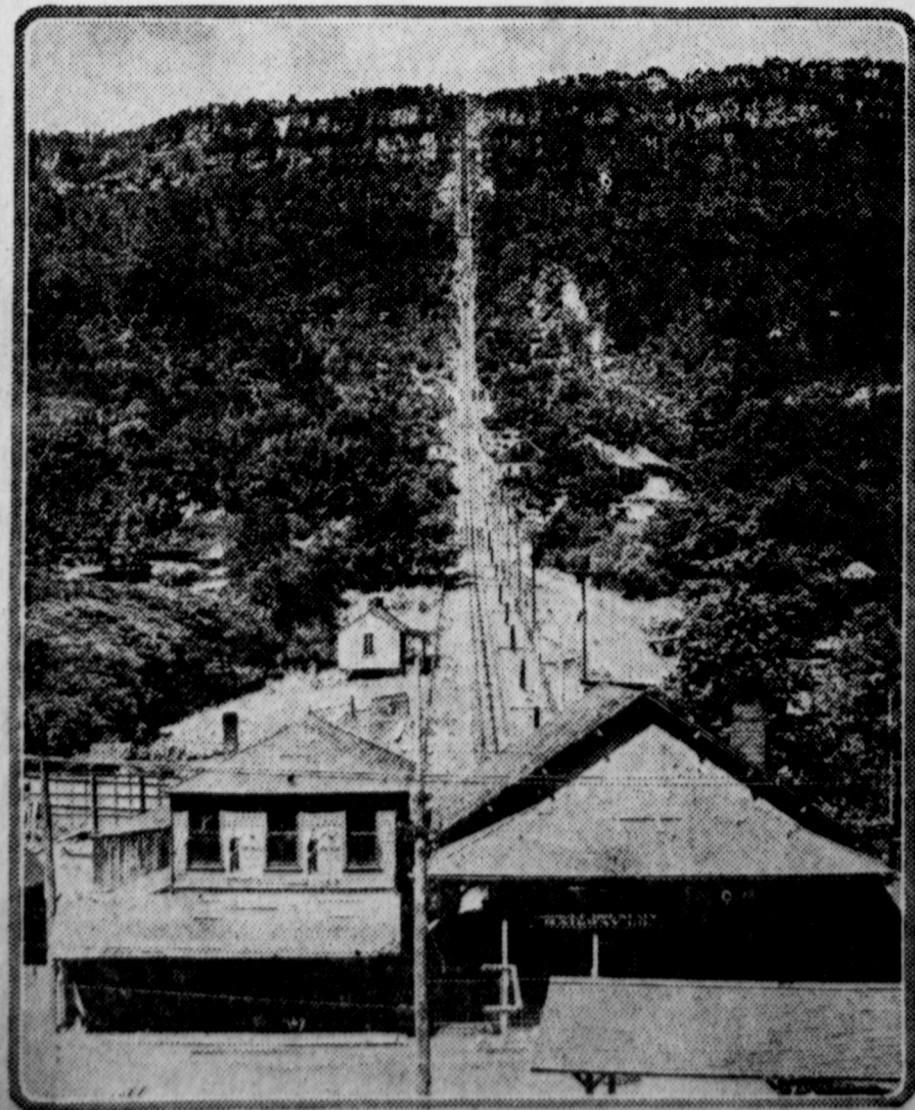
Mrs. Wm. Dowell, of Union Star, was the guest of Mrs. O. W. Dowell last week.

INSURE AGAINST FIRE

with

C. B. & O. T. Skillman

Representing the same seven
time tried companies that
paid over \$60,000 of the loss
in our big fire of 1901 with-
out a single kick.



Birdseye View of the Incline to the Summit of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.